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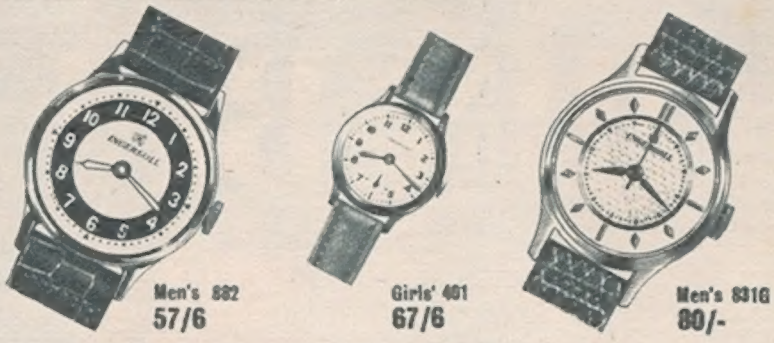

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FREE SPEECH

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In five minutes' shopping I can buy a first-class picnic meal. I have a wide choice of cooked meats, sausages, cheeses; my wife gives me hard-boiled eggs and stuffed tomatoes; I can provide a crisp salad from my garden.

But I suppose that the so-correct British will continue to crowd into their usual smoky restaurants, no matter how glorious the weather. Picnicking isn't the "done thing"; it's too much like eating fish and chips in the street. It's time these knife-and-fork snobs realized that it's because they put good taste before good food that they're served such dreary meals when they eat "out."

S. JOHNSON, WIMBLEDON, LONDON.

★ ★ ★

Live As A Log

I'm baffled. Last February my husband felled two elm trees and cut the trunks into logs. In April leaves sprouted, but that didn't surprise me as the sap could have risen before felling. But I *was* surprised when leaves reappeared this year. There are no roots so how could sap "rise"? And if it stayed in the horizontal logs all winter, why did the leaves die off last autumn?

MRS. M. H. COLEMAN, LONDON ROAD EAST, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

Percy Thrower says: "This does happen with large trees which can retain enough sap. The sun dries up the first leaves, but during the winter the logs may get enough food from rain and moist earth for yet another 'life.' But the leaves won't last long—and the logs won't sprout next year."

★ ★ ★

Four-badge Postmen

The Postmaster-General recently cut postal deliveries as an economy measure. This is understandable—until you see the dazzling new brass badges that postmen are wearing.

I believe that each man has five—one for his cap and four coat badges. Previously they made do with only one badge—in their caps—but it was perfectly adequate.

How can the Post Office justify cuts in services when they are followed by such extravagance? Can it be that the badges are being paid for out of the saving on deliveries?

MRS. B. JONES, HEOL TYN-Y-COED, RHIWBINA, CARDIFF.

"The new coat badges carry the postman's number so that he can be identified inside the office while not wearing a hat," says the Post Office.

"He has three, one each for his jacket, waterproof and overcoat, so that he doesn't have to remove his badge every time he changes his coat."

★ ★ ★

Civil Slaves

Don't believe it when people say that civil servants have nothing to do. On the death of my husband I took a job in a tax office—and got the inevitable ragging from friends about a "soft" job and drinking tea. But although before marriage I worked for private firms for seventeen years, I have never before worked as hard or as fast as now.

Nobody watches the clock, and we all do a bit of unpaid

Continued on next page

rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

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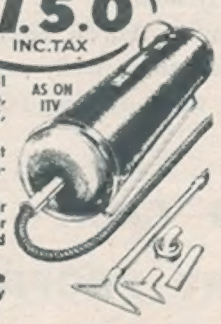

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FREE SPEECH

continued from previous page

overtime when necessary. And I've never worked with such antiquated typewriters and equipment. It's just not true that taxpayers' money is wasted in government offices.

L. S., LANCASHIRE.

Donkey's Ears

In your article "A Donkey In The Family" (JOHN BULL, May 3), Jim Dinnage says that he has never been able to check on the donkey's alleged longevity, which gave rise to the saying "donkey's years."

I have always thought that this was a

pun on the length of a donkey's ears, not years. As they only live to about twenty, this seems to be more likely.

R. B. CARY, BURY'S COURT, LEIGH, near REIGATE.

A dictionary of slang also gives this as the probable derivation. And a zoologist points out that although donkeys have lived to be forty their average life is no longer than that of a horse.

Mau Mau Jigsaw

Your recent serialization of Ian Henderson's story of the fight against Mau Mau made good reading to many who, like myself, were in Kenya in the early 1950s and who wondered at the time what official policy really was.

The existence of the gangs of ex-terrorists and their activities against Mau Mau was a very well kept secret. Even we who were there did not know about them.

Now that pieces of the jigsaw have been added by Ian Henderson, many of the seemingly idiotic things which we were forced to do at last make very good sense.

M. T. S., WARWICKSHIRE

Full Stop

I was on a bus recently when a blind girl who wanted the next stop was led to the platform by her guide dog. But when the bus stopped the dog refused to get off, and nothing the conductor could do would make it.

Then he had an idea and told the driver to pull on a couple of yards until the bus was exactly level with the stop—and the dog trotted off immediately.

MRS. G. LYE, ALFREDA COURT, LONDON, S.W.11.

"Dogs are trained not to alight until the bus is at the kerb or while traffic is moving," says the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. "But they aren't usually as choosy as this. Perhaps it didn't recognize it as its usual stopping place."

Medicine Man

The letter about wart charming ("Free Speech," May 3) reminded me of an old Irishman who told me of many "cures."

He not only believed in wart charming but also that in cases of wrist strain a fresh-water eel should be applied to the wrist; that nettle soup taken in spring would prevent pimples for the whole year; and that a child could be

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

PEOPLE who climb professional ladders expect all sorts of things, and some, of course, are luckier than others. Yet even the top rung can bring disaster—for if that chap sees this bedroom scene he might tumble off with shock, and then it won't be windows for him—but curtains. He looks a gentleman, he's sure not to look, and so Zelinski, who uncovered the lady to make a cover, advises: "Dash for that dress before the window gets any cleaner."

cured of measles by passing it three times underneath a donkey.

DR. DANIEL GILMARTIN, CARDIFF.

Going Places

A friend of mine who applied for a passport was asked to fill in a form stating "purpose of travel."

Surely this is pointless. During the five years for which the passport is valid he will be able to travel without having to give his reasons, and it may be for a different purpose than his present one.

JAMES McGLENNAN, Jnr., RUCHAZIE ROAD, GLASGOW, E.3.

"In cases of emigration it gives us a chance to check if the person is allowed to leave the country," says the Passport Office. "Some children are barred by court order. Later, of course, we don't get this opportunity."

Remember?

Lionel Hale wasn't able to give even one of the four English quarter-days ("Challenge The Famous," May 3). I use this easy way to remember:

The word March has five letters, so it is March 25; June has four letters, so June 24; September has nine letters, so September 29; and then there is Christmas Day.

JOHN WOODFIELD, HIGHFIELD ROAD, BOGNOR REGIS, SUSSEX.

Northern Dumplings

Whenever I visit the south of England I am struck by the slim, trim figures of the young women I see there. They contrast noticeably with the heavier figures of the north.

Is this because northern women are, on the whole, better cooks than those

in the south and so tempt their daughters to eat more? Or are they simply more food-conscious? There must be some reason for the difference in statistics.

J. B. RICE, THORLBRIDGE DRIVE, FRECHEVILLE, SHEFFIELD.

"It's quite true that northern women are dumpier," says a doctor. "They're also shorter. But it isn't the cooking; they come from different stock."

A chain-store firm says: "We sell a much higher proportion of dresses 'for the fuller figure' in the north."

Classroom Climbers

B. Lewis, Cardiff, was writing either in ignorance or with his tongue in his cheek when he said that grammar schoolteachers "are not teachers by vocation" and that secondary modern schoolteachers "have gone into teaching because they love their jobs" ("Free Speech," May 10), The reverse is true.

Many modern schoolteachers take up their careers, via a two-year course, not because of a vocational call but because they misguidedly think that it will give them higher social status than an office or factory job.

But all grammar schoolteachers have sacrificed their leisure to study—not just to get degrees but to master the subjects they love so that they can teach them to the nation's future leaders.

E. TAYLOR, CORSEHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.16.

Pin Money

We have so many different flag days now that people are put off at the very sight of a seller with her tray. The "What, again?" reaction I meet when out for the Red Cross makes me feel it's high time we thought of something new.

Instead of offering flags, what about selling something useful like gaily coloured safety pins? I'm sure we would be more welcome.

MRS. M. E., KINGSTON HILL, SURREY.

Under The Counter

Under the Shops Act, 1950, all shops have to provide seats for the use of female assistants when they are not serving or otherwise busy.

Perhaps this is where the chairs that Mrs. Varley remembers used to be set out for customers ("Free Speech," May 10) have gone.

A. PIDGEON, SHAKESPEARE CLIFF, DOVER.

"Shops do have to provide seats for women assistants—one for every three," says a big retail firm. "But that has been the law since 1912; the 1950 Act only repeated the clause. Wartime queueing and less leisurely shopping led to the removal of many customers' chairs."

By Numbers

Your letter about ships' safety regulations reminded me of the time when, as a druggist, it was my job to check ships' medical supplies.

One day, on a cargo boat that hadn't a doctor, a sailor told me how the skipper prescribed his cures. He had a list of ailments and symptoms and against each a number which corresponded with a number on a medicine bottle.

The job was easy. But what happened if a bottle ran dry? "Well," said the sailor, "if it was number nine, he'd just give us a mixture of four and five."

H. E. CORKE, VALLEY ROAD, SWANAGE, DORSET.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THE FAMOUS CASES OF SIR

At Nuremberg, Shawcross's indictment drew growls of rage from Goering (left) and shook Hess from his apparent madness. Lawyers agreed that this was a masterly summary of the Nazis' guilt

PART ONE

Five hours that shook the world

THE tall, youthful-looking man stood up almost casually to address the court. "May it please the Tribunal. . . ." After a short pause, while the silence settled, he started to speak. The voice was pleasantly drawling, at once conversational and grave, and sparing of effort. There was much to say.

It was July 26, 1946, at Nuremberg, where modern history's most momentous trial was drawing to an end. It had begun nine months before; nine months during which more than fifty counsel and judges, and the twenty-one defendants, spoke, or listened to, some six million words.

Apparently interminable, the chain of witnesses slid through the courtroom. Apparently imperturbable, Lord Justice Lawrence, the tribunal's British president, and his seven member judges listened, commented, directed, controlled. Apparently invulnerable, the prisoners yawned and shifted, dozed or read, while an indifferent world got on with the business of living. The indictment of the world's most efficient criminals had ceased to be news.

It became so again, startlingly, on that summer morning when Sir Hartley Shawcross, the new Labour Government's Attorney-General and chief prosecutor for the British team, rose to make his closing speech, and the court was suddenly charged with the painful dignity and drama of what it had nominally been at its first sitting—a great criminal trial.

Few who saw it will forget the moment. For the first time, it seemed, theory and hearsay were hardening to reality; for the first time personal responsibility came out like sweat from the men in the dock.

As the British prosecutor went on, cold, objective and lucid, not simply apportioning guilt but soldering it to the law, torture and bestiality assumed a recognizably human mask. The murder of millions became more than a statistic; it spread like a cataract in two particular eyes.

Hans Frank, the Governor-General of Poland? To those in court he was the mild-looking man in the grey suit who sat half-way along the front row of the dock. But "the details of the martyrdom of Poland cannot be described," Sir Hartley says. "A third of the people murdered; millions left impoverished, sick, maimed and helpless. Liberation was just in time to save this ancient people."

Hans Frank was the murderer. Sir Hartley has his directives, word for word, and his boasting assurance to his master, Hitler:

"'There must be wholesale liquidation of thousands of Poles. We must carry out all measures ruthlessly. Rely on me!'"

And suddenly Hans Frank is something more than the mild-looking man in the dock's front row.

"Jew Baiter" was a journalists' tag. It becomes a living thing when the Attorney-General turns to the congested lout sitting just behind Rudolf Hess—Julius Streicher.

"There is one group to which the method of annihilation was applied on a scale so immense that it is my duty to refer to it separately. I mean the liquidation of the Jews. Unless words have completely lost their meaning, what do these of Streicher's mean but murder?"

And Sir Hartley quotes: "'They must be exterminated root and branch. Then will they slay the Jews in masses, prepare a grave from which there can be no resurrection.'

"If there were no other crime against these men," he insists, "this one alone, in which all of them are implicated, would suffice. History holds no parallel to these horrors."

Prisoners-of-war, protected by the Geneva Convention? The men in the dock made a paper hoop of conventions. The British prosecutor refers to the shooting of the fifty R.A.F. flyers after the break-out from Sagan Luft III. "The defendants directly concerned with this matter have not denied that the shooting of these officers was deliberate murder. There can be no question that Goering, Ribbentrop and Keitel participated in this decision."

Sir Hartley becomes more particular. He quotes Keitel telling his officers: "'We must set an example. They will be shot—probably some have been shot already.'" And when one of

story *by W. E. Armstrong*

HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

those officers protested, Sir Hartley sends the echo of Keitel's answer ringing round the court—"'I don't care a damn!'"

After the army, it is the turn of the German Navy, and Admirals Doenitz and Raeder are all anxious attention.

"Are Raeder's hands," he asks, "unstained by the blood of murder?" Both men, he emphasizes, obeyed Hitler's directive that "foreign seamen could not be taken prisoner. . . . U-boats were to surface after torpedoing and shoot up the lifeboats."

"In his defence," Sir Hartley adds, "Doenitz made a great effort to explain away his order of September 17, 1942. I ask the tribunal to remember its terms: 'No attempt of any kind must be made at rescuing members of ships sunk. Rescue runs counter to the rudimentary demands of warfare for the destruction of enemy ships and crews.'"

All, from Wilhelm Frick, who organized the murder of 275,000 old and ailing German men and women and feeble-minded children, to Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's cold-eyed "wizard of finance," passed through the fine mesh of Sir Hartley's relentless analysis.

There had been a certain sympathy for Goering, even among the Allies. He was a jolly fellow, pleasure loving perhaps, but still decent enough at heart. The British prosecutor tears the picture to shreds.

"Behind his spurious bonhomie," he says, "he was as great an architect as any of this satanic system. Who, apart from Hitler, had greater knowledge of what went on, or greater influence to affect its course?"

And Sir Hartley recites one of Goering's orders for the anti-partisan groups recruited for service on the Eastern Front.

"'In the regions assigned for their operations, ordered the jolly, fat fellow, 'these bands can murder, burn and ravish.'"

Again and again, after nailing personal guilt, Sir Hartley drives home the general indictment. "Every one of these men knew of these plans at one stage or another of their development. Every one of these men acquiesced in this technique, knowing full well what it represented in terms of human life. How can any one of them now say that he was not a party to common murder in its most ruthless form?"

He quotes Goethe, who once foretold the fate that would strike the German people if they submitted to any mad scoundrel who appealed to their lowest instincts, confirmed them in their vices and taught them to conceive nationalism as isolation and brutality. "With what a voice

Sir Hartley with his wife during a holiday at Split in Yugoslavia. He has a reputation for hard work and high living—and for building Britain's richest law practice

In the dock the Nazis sat tense and pale . . . twenty-one men shattered

of prophecy he spoke," Sir Hartley cried, "for these are the mad scoundrels who did these very things."

All in the dock sat tense and pale. *Nacht und Nebel*—Night and Fog—had been the code name for one of the Nazis' most infamous operations of millionfold murder. Now the night and fog were clearing to show the writing distinctly on the wall.

The Attorney-General spoke, on that day and the next, for five hours and a total of fifty thousand words. It was, by general agreement, the clearest and most complete picture offered to the court. If, all through the long course of the trial, amateurs of forensic talent had appreciated with delight the subtle skill and dour endurance of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe in cross-examination, they took no less pleasure in Sir Hartley's address as an intellectual treat. The vast and daunting canvas of the four indictments, the tons of paper, the masses of detail with which the tribunal dealt had been reduced by brilliant selection and masterly linking to this spare, compelling sketch of guilt.

In conclusion, the Attorney-General, visibly moved himself, recalled the story told by a witness of the massacre of thousands of Jews at a place called Dubno, in the Ukraine. How, as the families stood there naked, the women held up their children in their arms before taking their place in the blood-soaked communal graves. And how, in the words of the witness, he saw "one father holding the hand of a small boy and speaking to him softly, the boy fighting his tears. The father pointed to the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him."

"You will remember," said the British prosecutor in his last words to the court, "when you come to give your decision, the story of Dubno, but not in vengeance—in a determination that these things shall not occur again. The father—do you remember?—pointed to the sky and seemed to say something to his boy. . . ."

It was extraordinarily effective and deeply felt. When the Attorney-General sat down there was that short silence which, after high drama or great music, is the unmistakable tribute of conviction. There was no need to look for long at the prisoners to know that the dock contained what a previous prosecutor had described it as containing, but which it had not contained till now—"twenty-one broken men."

The two long speeches of Britain's chief prosecutor at Nuremberg made the British public aware of the arrival of a new and outstanding figure.

As usual, he was appraised according to prejudice—political, professional and local. To many the new Attorney-General was a bit too much of a good thing; what was more, he looked it. War with its austerities had left most of us tetchy and pallid. Sir Hartley was affable and robust. It had left us tired; he seemed to radiate an almost offensive energy. It had left us groping for direction; Sir Hartley knew very well where he was going.

So much for the carpers. For others, and they were the majority, the eruption on the scene of this buoyant, impermeable barrister who carried his honours with the confident elegance which distinguished his clothes, meant the welcome return of something which we thought might have disappeared from public life—a character.

Few M.P.s make their maiden speech from the Treasury bench, but this surprising man talked over the despatch box as if he had leaned on it for years.

He made controversial and arrogant speeches. Crying "We are the masters now," in one of his early interventions in debate, he outraged the Tories and drew an admonitory growl from Winston Churchill. He attacked the press lords and had to recant. He implied criticism of His Majesty's judges, and had to recant again. He even upset his own clan, the barristers.

Meanwhile, abroad, he was serving his country with great distinction. At Lake Success, as a member—and later leader—of the United Kingdom delegation to the United Nations, he was being hailed as the ideal spokesman for Britain and the West.

It was all very puzzling; the public, with their chronic distrust of brilliance, did not quite know what to make of it. They found it difficult to equate the orator of Nuremberg and the statesman of Lake Success with the man who, nearer home, hit out impulsively in every direction.

For the gossip writers he was splendid material. "Glittering Sir Hartley," the "Noël Coward of the courts," "Labour's golden boy," these were some of the epithets bestowed. They talked of his country house and his wealth; of his racing yacht Vanity V (aptly named, some hinted); of his weakness for decorative ties; of his enviable capacity for combining hard work with high living.

It was petty stuff, but in spite of ample evidence to the contrary a body of opinion took shape which tended to label the Attorney-General as a bit of a lightweight.

"The talents of Sir Hartley Shawcross are undoubted," pronounced a Tory journal at this period. "Whether they are balanced by mature political judgment and statecraft it is perhaps too early to judge."

Those who knew him best took this verdict to mean that his was a temperament which might at any moment lead him to quit the public scene, renounce high office or its promise and, with a cry of "To hell with it," plunge back into the absorbing business of being Hartley Shawcross.

Such a summing up was correct. For in spite of what the world, following the several apparently tangential diversions from the full circle of his career, hoped, prophesied or feared he would be, Sir Hartley has never in his life attempted to be anything but himself.

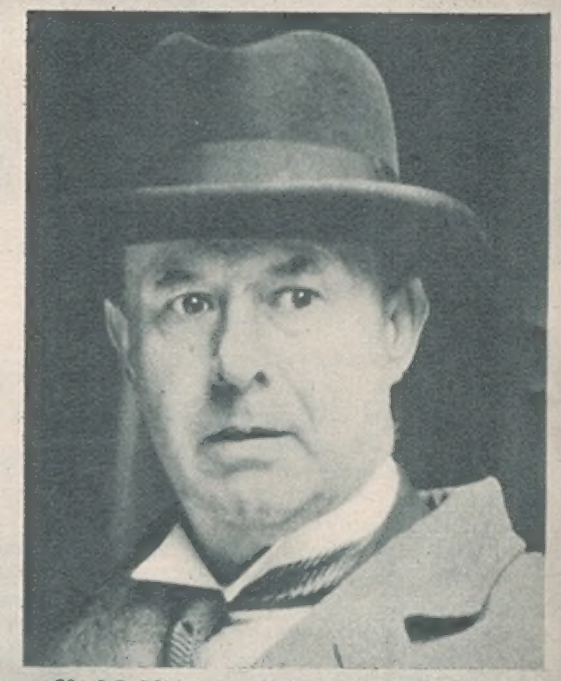
THAT life began in February, 1902, when Shawcross was born in Giessen, West Germany, where his father was a university professor of English.

His family is of largely northern stock, with a strain of Danish on his mother's side. It is a family with a long liberal tradition. One of his father's sisters married a son of John Bright, the great radical, and Hartley's mother was an early and enthusiastic suffragette.

With intellectual stimulation went practical example. Hartley Shawcross, brought from Germany when a few months old, grew to adolescence in the family house at Wandsworth Common. The house in Baskerville Road was comfortable and intimate, a place made harmonious by a happy family. Things were otherwise outside. Wandsworth, especially in the Garrett Lane area, was a poor district of south London, and not a particularly beautiful one. Accompanying his mother on her business as a member of the local Board of Guardians—the forerunner of National Assistance—the young Shawcross saw evidence of a way of life about which his masters at Dulwich College were understandably reticent.

Apart from an ability above the average to assimilate and retain knowledge, he was an ordinary schoolboy, neither more nor less successful than the majority of his fellows. He reached the modern sixth, attempted no scholarships and, when the time came, left unburdened by athletic distinction.

If there was no debating society at Dulwich, there were politics and to spare at home. Shawcross had joined a local ward of the Labour Party when he was sixteen, and there are today



Noel Goldie—now Q.C.—was a legal legend when Shawcross worked in Liverpool. His eccentricities are famous among lawyers

people in Wandsworth who remember the somewhat earnest but humorous youth who canvassed the Socialist cause on their doorsteps during the general election of 1918.

Two years after the general election came the event which changed the course of his life. It happened at Geneva, where he had gone to study economics at the university and at the same time to improve his French. Shawcross had already put his name down for admission to St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a medical student, and medicine was very much the career he intended to follow.

Life at Geneva was pleasant. The course at the university was interesting; there was boating on the lake and climbing in the Alps. There was also, in 1920, the congress of the Second Socialist International, with delegates from all over the world. Ramsay MacDonald, Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison and J. H. Thomas had come

by a masterly indictment. And the free world hailed a great new leader

Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross have two sons and a daughter. Their second son was christened in the House of Commons crypt

At a New York lunch, Shawcross chats with Vyshinsky. As Britain's leader at U.N.O. he proved more than a match for the Russians

from England, and Shawcross was drawn to see in international debate the men whose cause he had been so fervently supporting two years before in the Wandsworth streets.

Listening at debates was well enough, but it was not participation; the eighteen-year-old Shawcross wished to inspect at closer quarters the apparatus of a movement which was gaining momentum all over Europe. His French was far from fluent, but it was better than that of Ramsay MacDonald and others. With something of the impulsiveness which has never quite deserted him—he is still a little astonished at his cheek—he offered himself as interpreter to the British delegation.

"Jimmy" Thomas, Morrison and the rest were less interested in Hartley's French than in his Socialism, and the quick, confident temper of his mind. "Thomas convinced me," Shawcross said when remembering the incident, "that medicine was about the last career which went with active politics, and that the bar was about the best. He suggested that encouragement from high places might be forthcoming. When I returned to England shortly afterwards, I had my name taken off the list at Bart's and got down to the law books."

It was a fairly typical decision. Events of the last few years have demonstrated Sir Hartley's ability to make a clean, uncompromising break with one career and pick up the threads of another. His decision was instantaneous. "I never gave it another thought," he said.

More than two years' work at the law books and entry into Gray's Inn in 1921 were the first steps in his adopted profession. They did not exclude political activity. He learned something of the basic machinery of political organization by becoming political agent to Lewis Silkin, who years afterwards was to be a ministerial colleague when Shawcross was Attorney-General, and he took advantage of any occasion that offered for public speaking.

Hartley Shawcross had little difficulty with the law, if that statement can be reconciled with hard and continuous work. He won a first in all his bar examinations and came out ahead of 220 candidates in the Bar Finals, a distinction which earned him the Certificate of Honour.

This was an impressive, perhaps an exceptional record, but it was not all hard work at Gray's Inn. Men who were with him there recall that Shawcross took full part in the lighter, comico-solemn ritual of the place.

One member of the inn who caught his acute and perhaps not quite disinterested eye was a young Scotsman two years his senior—David Maxwell Fyfe, now Lord Kilmuir and the Lord Chancellor.

Both Shawcross and Maxwell Fyfe attained great eminence at the Bar and in politics. That is a normal pattern for contemporaries, for a small group in any profession must come to the top. What is interesting is that the careers of Shawcross and Maxwell Fyfe ran coincidentally for more than thirty years. They were together in Gray's Inn and on the northern circuit; famous murder cases and civil actions united them, either in opposition or in the same team.

They were for the prosecution in the trial of the notorious Buck Ruxton, and at Nuremberg, and against each other in the sensational affair of the murderer John George Haigh. Both became Attorney-General and both were popularly voted for the Woolsack, on to which one of them eventually climbed. In politics there was the width of the House of Commons between them, but in association at the Bar there could scarcely ever have been a more formidable team.

It was in 1925 that Shawcross was called to the Bar, to learn that the Certificate of Honour in the Finals did not necessarily mean quick rewards. Briefs were sparse and not very lucrative—he has never to this day been paid for his first—and to keep going he took the post, at a nominal salary, of secretary to the Howard League for Penal Reform.

But Shawcross the struggling barrister had not overlaid Shawcross the aspiring politician. He became prospective parliamentary candidate for a Birmingham division, a constituency which he nursed for a few months and might well have won. But the next election seemed as distant as the next brief and, with the wife he had married two and a half years before to support, Shawcross reluctantly decided that he could afford neither the time nor the money for active politics. At this moment, providentially, while he was looking round for somewhere to take his talents, came the offers of two attractive posts. Both were academic; one as a law don at Oxford, the other as senior law lecturer at Liverpool University.

He chose Liverpool, not because the idea of being a don was antipathetic, but because at Liverpool he could combine lecturing with practice at the Bar. He went there in 1927, found himself a cottage on the highest point of the Wirral Peninsula, and set up in chambers in Harrington Street. By an extraordinary coincidence his father accepted the post of professor of English at Hartley's university.

During more than a decade Liverpool and the north were to be Shawcross's ambience. Although he kept his cottage in Sussex, he did not return to London for another twelve years, nor to politics for another eighteen.

Seven times a week he gave lectures on constitutional, Roman, international and common law, with a discourse on jurisprudence thrown in for good measure. Besides this he attended to what soon became a quickly expanding practice on the northern circuit. Cases were as varied as the university curriculum. Road accidents and workmen's compensation, shipping disputes and libel, arson, murder and mine disasters, all came his way.

The legal landscape might have been unfamiliar at first, but there were faces he knew. To welcome him, a fellow in his chambers, was Maxwell Fyfe—solid and dour with his pawky, pensive charm. The contrast between these two, who were to become respectively the most successful junior and the best-known "silk" on the northern circuit, was a delight and instruction to observers. Both, in court or out, were brilliant talkers.

SHAWCROSS's mastery of law was not the only thing which startled his colleague at Harrington Street. He brought to the traditional business of being a barrister an enlivening and, to some of the staider brethren, an excessive eccentricity.

On Saturday mornings he would arrive at chambers in a sports coat—often checked—and grey flannels; worse, his shoes were suède, a most daring innovation in the twenties. Instead of an umbrella, he frequently carried a stout leash to which was attached a benign but massive St. Bernard dog.

Once inside, and to complete the discomfiture of the purists, he changed into the white jacket of an artisan or a laboratory worker. A barrister who was with him in those days describes the bewilderment of clients who, before they could reach Shawcross, must push their way past or over an enormous dog tethered in the clerks' room before confronting a man who looked more like a chef than a lawyer.

Inevitably enough, these habits of dress and demeanour were thought by some to be the affectations of a poseur, a man playing for effect. But Shawcross, except in legal argument or a political speech, seldom does anything for effect. If he wore sports clothes, bright ties and suède shoes, it was because these things gave him colour and comfort and helped to put him right with himself. As for the dog, he thought it would be happier with him than at home—and anyway, it needed its daily walk.

Eccentricity or not—and it might have helped, for all save dullards are drawn by *panache*—the briefs began to come in, among them one for Shawcross's first murder trial.

It was a curious case, and not of a nature to be recommended to a young barrister. A man called Inman was arrested and charged with causing grievous bodily harm. Shawcross accepted the brief, which on first showing he thought he could successfully defend. But before the trial came on at Liverpool Assizes before Mr. Justice Roche, the victim died, thus changing a grave but far from desperate affair into an indictment on the capital charge.

Fighting alone, Shawcross failed to get an

acquittal, but persuaded the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter. The trial made a stir in Lancashire, but the case which brought Shawcross to the public's mind and won him its popularity was of a very different sort.

There was living in the Everton district of Liverpool at this period a clergyman, the Rev. Canon Henry Frazer. The canon was the local, permanent and personal exemplar of that "fit of morality" which is said to convulse England once in each decade. He was a crusader against every symptom of what he thought to be vice and immorality.

There was, therefore, human nature being what it is, a certain grim jubilation among the populace when, in the summer of 1931, he was indirectly caught up in a resounding scandal.

Briefly, the canon's only son, George Henry, a student at Liverpool University, was sued for recognition of paternity by a young woman called Catherine Davies.

The blow was sharp and double-edged. Catherine was not only a maid in the canon's household, but she claimed that the happiness she enjoyed with his son was rewarded with not one favour but two—a pair of assorted twins.

Her plea for a maintenance order having been dismissed by the magistrate, she appealed to a higher court and engaged Hartley Shawcross when the case came on at the Liverpool Quarter Sessions before the Recorder, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C.

"The Frazer Twins," as the affair came to be known, caused a sensation locally, and St. George's Hall was crowded for the hearing.

Shawcross began with what the scientists would call an "effect." He had seen George Henry and he had seen the twins; the striking resemblance between the boy baby and his alleged father might, he hoped, powerfully influence the court. For almost an hour, with the twins—now a few months old—propped minutely on counsel's table, he tried to persuade the Recorder to allow the visual evidence. But Mr. Hemmerde, while agreeing that the little boy did indeed look very like a small edition of Frazer *fils*, emphatically ruled that he must banish the implications from his mind. The twins were swept away and battle began.

SHAWCROSS opened his case with one of those propositions whose stupefying simplicity so appals the litigant. "We have here," he said, "an uneducated servant girl on the one hand and a man of considerable academic attainments on the other. I am going to ask your lordship to decide who is the more consummate liar. One of them has to be that."

Like so many counsel before and after him, Shawcross did not quite know what line to take until certain tactics of the other side suggested a line of attack. George Henry had briefed Mr. F. E. Pritchard—now Sir F. E. Pritchard, Q.C. —who, in the course of a severe but perfectly legitimate cross-examination of Catherine Davies, sought to give the impression that she distributed her favours somewhat indiscriminately. Called as a witness for the defence, Canon Frazer said that he had married Catherine's parents in his church, "where they had to hurry in view of a coming event." Shawcross decided to turn this to his advantage.

A few preliminary questions disposed of, or threw doubts on, the defendant's contention that the father of the twins was a lorry driver met by Catherine when the Frazer family was on holiday. When it was the turn of the canon, Shawcross began in a casual, almost apologetic, voice a series of questions which apparently had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

"Am I right, Canon Frazer, in saying that you baptized Catherine Davies?"—"Yes."

"And that you later confirmed her in your church?"—"That is so."

"She has been a servant in your house and in that sense under your protection?"—"Yes."

More crisply: "What was meant by your

Continued on page 32

She was a colonel's gracious lady . . . and he was just a vulgar tourist. How dare he attempt to save her life!

"I wouldn't do that, dear, if I were you," the colonel said warily. Mrs. Leader turned her head: "What nonsense!" she snapped

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

BY the third day of their holiday the little English contingent had, as Colonel Leader himself put it, "got things organized." The Portuguese waiter who brought Continental breakfasts to their rooms had at last been made to supply boiled eggs in addition to rolls and butter; the village stationer had been engaged to deliver the *Daily Telegraph*; and an appalling oversight of Mrs. Sturdy's had been remedied.

She had forgotten the playing cards. Now, after a search which involved half the inhabitants of the village, a pack had been found which was not only dealable but also passed Mrs. Leader's strict standards of hygiene.

The Leaders were not actually friends of the Sturdys. They had met in the travel agent's office, where they had discovered that they were both planning a holiday in Portugal.

Neither couple had acted precipitously. Mrs. Leader had some immediate misgivings about the Sturdys. *He* was not very prepossessing, she thought, and *she* the smallest bit sugary. But after one or two meetings these first impressions were mitigated. To quote the colonel, the Sturdys did at least "talk the same language" —which was saying a lot these days—and they played bridge. Overtures were made, and dates, place and hotel were agreed on.

Certain little adjustments had to be made as soon as the holiday began. Mrs. Sturdy had a distinct tendency, for example, to unpunctuality. But on the whole things went well enough. In the mornings they bathed, in the afternoons they slept (the one foreign custom they rather ashamedly took to); in the evenings they sat at the bar, and after dinner they played bridge.

There was nothing foreseeable that could have upset this English holiday abroad. If it is unlikely that the Leaders and the Sturdys would ever have become close friends as a result of it, they would probably have both looked back on the experience with pleasure, and exchanged Christmas cards for the rest of their lives—had not the *un*foreseeable occurred.

On the third evening, as the Leaders entered the bar, another English couple were just on their way out. There was a rapid exchange of "good evenings," warm on the part of the strangers, noticeably cool on the Leaders'.

The Sturdys, however, who were already seated at the bar, looked on with pleasure. "Such nice people," said Mrs. Sturdy as the Leaders approached. Still looking at the door, she sent after the couple who had departed a little radiance of warmth and motherly regard. "So very natural and friendly. We've just been having quite a little talk with them. They're staying here, you know. Arrived this afternoon, on a motor-bike. I do think that's awfully brave, don't you?"

The Leaders climbed rather doggedly on to their bar stools. Colonel Leader cleared his throat. "I'm not so sure I agree with you, Mrs. Sturdy," he said distinctly, after a pause. "If you ask me we're in for trouble."

Mrs. Sturdy stared, struck by the colonel's unusual abruptness.

"I was unfortunate enough to be in the lounge just after lunch when they arrived," he went on. "Crash helmets and all. The fellow made a bee-line for me. He obviously expects to tag on. It appears he has come here to climb cliffs, and he was soon asking me if I'd like to accompany him on some of his expeditions. Really, I suppose the fellow's got a good heart and all that. I suppose one should be tolerant these days, but I must say——"

"I see no reason at all for being tolerant, Ronny," said Mrs. Leader vehemently. Thin and sharp, she seized an olive between two red fingernails. "To my mind, whether we like it or not, we *can't* be free of it, at home or abroad. And the only hope England has now is that—well, let's face it—that people like us are courageous enough to show what we feel about people like them. I'm for making our position clear from the start."

She left a silence. Mrs. Sturdy took a sip

Those People

by GUY WILSON

of her sherry. She had not for one moment imagined that the newcomers could cause such trouble.

Though maybe a little rough they were really, as the colonel had admitted, very good-hearted. (At home Mrs. Sturdy belonged to the League of Universal Friendship.) She only hoped unpleasantness would be avoided by little further contact with the couple.

This unfortunately proved impossible. At dinner that very evening they were sharply made aware of this fact. The dining-room was full, and they were hardly seated before the couple in question, whose name was Self, appeared at their table. Mr. Self's good-natured face shone like a wax model's. He wore a sports jacket—the one he had worn all day—and a red shirt without a tie.

"I say," he said cheerfully. "I hope you don't mind, but these are the only vacant berths." He indicated the unoccupied places at their table. Mrs. Leader had insisted on this table in the corner, which was really for six. There was no escape.

The Selfs sat down. Mr. Self did nothing to dispel the opinion his fellow countrymen had already formed of him. Pushing outwards his knives, forks and spoons, he took a deep breath as if he had just breasted a mountain top, and prepared to enjoy his good luck in meeting four other English people.

"Well," he said. "Wonderful place this, isn't it? Mabel here and I were only passing through, you know. We took one look and decided we'd stay. Made the right decision, don't you think?"

"Quite so," said Colonel Leader.

Despite the distraction of Mr. Self blowing on his soup and his wife emptying half the salt cellar into hers, Mrs. Leader made a valiant effort to cut them out. She began a determined conversation about the Portuguese character, on which she assumed they would not have views. She underestimated them.

"Portuguese character?" said Mr. Self, interrupting without ceremony. "I'll give you the Portuguese character in three words—industrious, good-natured and dull."

It was of course a summary and disputable point of view, but apparently in three words he had summed up what Mrs. Leader was going to say in rather more. She, like all of them, was reduced to silence. The way was now clear for Mr. Self to give a full account of his activities that afternoon. He had, it appeared, been making a thorough reconnaissance of the cliffs. He planned to climb some of them with his wife, and he repeated his invitation to Colonel Leader to join them.

They only got rid of the newcomers afterwards by retiring to the Leaders' room. Once there, the Leaders exploded simultaneously. Mrs. Leader thought that hotels of this class ought not to accept motor-cyclists, and the colonel showed no sign of that earlier glimmer of tolerance. Even Mrs. Sturdy, under pressure, was brought to say that perhaps it had been rather impolite of them.

That evening they played very bad bridge. . . .

The next day the Leaders took precautions, with which the Sturdys unresistingly, if neutrally, concurred. Mrs. Sturdy reserved her final judgment on the Selfs, but she certainly saw no reason to upset the Leaders. They lunched very early at a table for four and departed immediately afterwards for Sintra, where they were going to see the castle.

SINTRA itself was reached by bus, but the castle was some way from the village, perched high above on a crag. The only way up was by taxi, which was very expensive. Friends had told them they must haggle with the Portuguese, so haggle Colonel Leader did, despite his almost complete ignorance of the language. Eventually, after paying cash down, he got, as he thought, the return trip for exactly half the price.

Very pleased with themselves, and with Colonel Leader very much a hero between the two ladies—and Mr. Sturdy even more discounted by Mrs. Leader, for he had suggested paying the man what he asked—they mounted to the castle, and admired the magnificent view from its battlements. It was not until they returned to the courtyard where they had left the taxi that they realized how they had been deceived. The taxi had gone. The man had understood that they wished to walk back.

At that very moment the Selfs arrived with their motor-bike and sidecar.

"Good heavens," said Mr. Self, swinging his leg off the bike and pushing up his goggles, "fancy meeting you! I'd no idea you were coming. Pity—if we'd known we could have all joined up. What's the matter? Having a spot of bother?"

"Oh, no, nothing really," said Colonel Leader.

"Looked as though you were having trouble," persisted Mr. Self. "How d'you get here?"

Colonel Leader coughed. "Well, as a matter of fact, we had a taxi and the fellow's gone and welched on us," he said loudly. "But of course it doesn't matter. As a matter of fact I think we're really quite pleased, aren't we, ladies? Walk'll do us good. Pleasant afternoon."

MRS. STURDY did not rally quite as he would have wished. She was actually eyeing the two-seater sidecar at this moment, measuring it for size. But fortunately the colonel's wife supported him fully.

"I quite agree, dear," she said. "I personally think we need to get some exercise after all this hotel food."

Mr. Self did not even get as far as to make a suggestion. Before he could speak, the Leaders, after wishing him and his wife a very good afternoon, had struck off down the drive. The Sturdys, less precipitously and after slightly more elaborate farewells, followed.

All might still have been well. In an hour and a half they would have reached the village and caught the bus back. But, when they had been going about half an hour, Mr. Sturdy twisted his ankle in a pothole in the road. He howled and hopped in agony and eventually collapsed on the bank.

He didn't get much sympathy. The Leaders were already silently angry with him for having been right about the taxi. Mrs. Leader said he could rest a few minutes and then they could continue. But it was no use—he couldn't walk again that day.

There was some hope that one of the other taxis waiting up at the castle might have room for them—if not for all of them, then certainly for the cripple. But the two that went by were full up.

"Well," said Mrs. Sturdy brightly, "the Selfs will be coming down in a minute. There's no other road. I'm sure they won't mind. . . ."

"Then we'll walk on alone, won't we, dear?" said Mrs. Leader sharply to her husband. There was no mistaking the reproach in her voice. "And I think, as we've so far to go, we won't wait."

The Leaders did no more than nod when, some time later, the motor-bike and sidecar passed them on the road, Mrs. Sturdy waving vigorously

from the sidecar, and Mr. Sturdy on the pillion.

Naturally it caused unpleasantness. It was not so much the fact that Lawrence Sturdy had twisted his ankle. The Leaders had to admit that this was not deliberate. What really bothered them was Mrs. Sturdy's attitude; it suggested a certain mild and silent reproach. There was a distinct cooling between the two couples.

Not, however, sufficient to sever relations. It was true that Mrs. Sturdy went out of her way to speak nicely to the Selfs in the lounge once or twice, but she did nothing to hinder the precautions the Leaders took to avoid spending any time with them.

Mrs. Sturdy, in fact, saw herself as a mediator. And in this philanthropic attitude she would undoubtedly have persisted. But once again events betrayed her.

About a week after the visit to Sintra, Colonel Leader reported after lunch one day that he had observed the Selfs going out of the hotel with ropes. With them well out of the way, it seemed safe to have a bathe. This meant sacrificing their siesta; but bathes had now to be taken when opportunity offered.

The Leaders tried to persuade Mrs. Sturdy to swim to the raft with them, but she refused to go out of her depth for fear of the cramp. The Leaders went alone.

Mrs. Leader was strangely irritated by this incident. When she reached the raft, she spoke fiercely of the Sturdys to her husband.

"I must say," she said, "I cannot bear shilly-shallying in the water." And a little later she announced she would swim to the island.

The island was a considerable distance from the shore. The colonel had already, with a military eye, adjudged the distance as every bit of half a mile. The suggestion alarmed him. He was not as strong a swimmer as his wife.

"I wouldn't do that, dear, if I were you," he said. "There are supposed to be currents about here somewhere."

Mrs. Leader turned her head. "What nonsense!" she said, and promptly dived off the raft. Colonel Leader was obliged to follow. . . .

MR. STURDY, who had not bathed, was the first to notice that Mrs. Leader was in difficulties. He had brought his field glasses with him and for some time had been watching her. He saw her stop and then heard her call something to her husband, who was some way behind her.

Colonel Leader began at once to signal towards the shore for help. "Sturdy—a boat!" he shouted. "Send a boat at once!"

Mr. Sturdy got up anxiously. Nobody on the beach seemed in the least perturbed by the drama that was going on. They presumably thought it was just an example of rowdy foreign behaviour. And there wasn't a boat in sight.

They did actually get the attention of the others on the beach in the end, but by then it was too late. Mrs. Leader's head was moving rapidly towards the headland jutting out on one side of the beach, round which it would soon disappear. . . .

For some months afterwards it was a matter for discussion locally whether or not the Englishman saved Mrs. Leader's life. An observer who was on the headland at the time and saw everything said that Mrs. Leader's strength was fast ebbing by the time she reached the point where Mr. Self took hold of her. But, on the other hand, it might not have been. She might have got ashore by her own efforts.

The only certain fact was that Mr. Self, who had been climbing the cliff at the time, descended it at speed and plunged into the water, not knowing whether he would be any more capable of resisting the current than he imagined Mrs. Leader was. It was also true, in the opinion of this spectator, that Mrs. Leader accepted his assistance. It was undoubtedly an act of considerable bravery.

WHEN Mrs. Sturdy heard the news of the rescue (which reached the beach just as a collapsible canoe was being launched), her first reaction was pure relief. But then she thought again: could not this be the heaven-sent event which would bring to a conclusion the work of reconciliation she had already begun?

There was every sign that it was. Mrs. Leader, when she returned to the hotel from the cliffs in a taxi and was met by her anxious husband and the Sturdys, was strangely silent.

When Mrs. Leader had taken a bath, had dressed, and was taking a double brandy in her room, Mrs. Sturdy could not resist the temptation of referring to Mr. Self's bravery.

Mrs. Leader looked her straight in the eye. "Bravery my foot," she said. "It was quite unnecessary. I knew perfectly well what I was doing. I purposely let myself drift with the current, reserving my strength for the moment when I passed the headland. I suppose the fool thought he was saving my life."

Her statement left a silence. The colonel was feeling awkward because of his own undramatic part in the affair, and Mrs. Sturdy was astounded.

"But surely," she said weakly, "it was, whether necessary or not, rather brave. . . ."

"Nonsense," snapped Mrs. Leader. "He leaped at it. I know his type. Do you know what he said afterwards? He told me I was very foolish to go out so far. Damned cheek! Ronny can give him a drink this evening if he likes, but that's all that is necessary."

Mrs. Sturdy decided to see rather less of the Leaders after this. They could not, of course, avoid having meals with them—that would have provoked an incident, and the last thing she liked was incidents. But she made excuses not to accompany the Leaders to the beach the next day; and after that the Leaders suggested no further joint excursions.

Mrs. Sturdy was quite overpowered by Mrs. Leader's attitude. It seemed scarcely credible that anyone could be so hard-hearted and snobbish. She felt almost as if the crime had been her own. She could not sleep at night for thinking about the terrible things Mr. Self must have suffered. She longed to speak to him, to tell him that what Mrs. Leader had done was terribly wrong, but that he must not judge everyone by her behaviour.

She longed to tell him all this but, though previously she had found it so easy to go up to talk to them in the lounge, she now found it even more difficult. To begin with, the Selfs behaved differently. They tended to look the other way when either of the English couples entered the lounge. There was no sign that they made any distinction between the Sturdys and the Leaders.

Mrs. Sturdy saw that this was logical. She had, after all, done nothing to make the Selfs think she was any less of a snob than the Leaders. She would have to find an opportunity to put things right.

IT was almost the end of the holiday before her chance came. She went down to the lounge one afternoon to collect some writing paper, and there were the Selfs, alone on a sofa, putting a film into a camera.

Pretending to search for envelopes, with her back to them, Mrs. Sturdy wrestled with her weakness. At last she turned and rather breathlessly said: "Good afternoon."

The Selfs looked round simultaneously, surprised. They had been so absorbed in what they were doing that they had not noticed her entry. Neither was there any sign of awkwardness, which would have been to her advantage.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Self, returning to the camera.

Mrs. Sturdy hovered. "I—I wanted rather to have a talk with you," she said.

Again, the Selfs looked up. Mr. Self said: "A talk? Well, all right. Take a seat."

Mrs. Sturdy sat down and ran her hands along the upper parts of her legs, as far as the knees. The Selfs regarded her in puzzlement.

"I wanted to apologize," she said.

"What for?" said Mr. Self.

"For my friends," she said, all in a breath. "For Mrs. Leader's atrocious behaviour to you the other day. I wanted you to know that I thought she behaved abominably, and that you were—quite heroic."

A suspicion of a smile passed over Mr. Self's face as once more he began to tinker with the camera. How changed he was! thought Mrs. Sturdy—so entirely different from when he first arrived. He had been so open then. She had thought she could read him like a book—Mrs. Self, too. Now there was something secretive about them, something she was rather afraid of.

"What's this got to do with you?" said Mr. Self—and Mrs. Self sent her a hard, ruthless look which quite withered her.

"Well," she stammered. "Nothing really. I only thought——"

"You had a bit of a conscience, eh? Wanted to get it off your chest. Okay. That's all right by me. I don't blame you—or her, for that matter." He got up. "Come on, Mabel, I've got the damn thing in at last." They went out.

Mrs. Sturdy felt quite faint at the snub. She remained in the chair some minutes before moving. It was several hours before she began to have any feelings and it was not until she was on the plane going home that they finally stabilized.

"Do you know," she said then to Mrs. Leader in a rush of confidence, "after all, I think you were right about the Selfs. They were quite impossible." THE END

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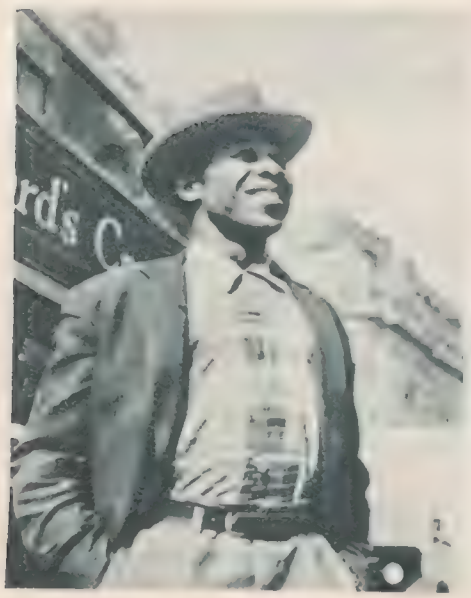

The Immigrant

Taller than most he toured the city street,
Green hat broad brimmed; his purple shirt
Repelling, pole-like, our industrial dirt;
Lightly he went as though on naked feet.

'Till the road danced. His strong and dusky face
Was quiet; dark eyes indrawn; his smile,
Half-comprehending, courteous.
  There, in exile,
Africa walked and all her troubled race.

The thin rain drizzled. Day was almost done.
The white-faced shoppers turned, smiling in thought,
Silently welcoming. Colour he brought
To those starved streets, travel and tropic sun.

MABEL FERRETT

Do you want to get your son to a public school?

There he will be given self-assurance, the right accent and a passport to prosperity. But many people want to see the system die . . .

by HARRY HOPKINS

FOUR years ago an unusual sort of row blew up in Sunderland town council. It was set off by the local education committee's proposal to send a thirteen-year-old boy, an orphan, to Uppingham School. He was to go there on a "Fleming" public school bursary that would cost £300 a year.

Protested one angry councillor: "There is no reason why the boy should not go to our local grammar school. The only advantage he will get at Uppingham will be a snob advantage."

Many heartily agreed with him. On the other hand, two railwaymen, Labour ex-mayors, backed the public school idea. The local Labour Party was split by the issue. Feeling ran high.

A storm in a teacup, perhaps, yet a hint of the tempest that could arise in the not very distant future as today both main political parties prepare to handle—if not perhaps actually to grasp—the nagging problem of the proper place, in our mid-century democracy, of that unique and famous British institution, the public school.

Such attention is plainly overdue. For of all the "New Britain" social reforms foreshadowed in the final years of the war, the proposals of the Fleming Committee for opening up the public schools—an educational "closed shop" of the wealthy—have alone still to be effectively implemented.

"The public schools," said a recent Labour Party policy statement, returning to the attack, "heighten social barriers, stimulate class consciousness and foster social snobbery."

A few months ago, after a close study of the public school system, the Bow Group of younger Conservatives issued a verdict which, though more politely stated, came to more or less the same thing. "The public schools," they wrote, "are to a regrettable degree a divisive factor in society."

It is fourteen years now since Lord Fleming's committee—a very mixed bag of educationists, trade unionists, public school headmasters and industrialists—put forward its ideas for, as it said, closing in the public schools "a social breach that aggravates, if it does not actually cause, the much more serious divisions in society at large."

By way of a start they proposed that twenty-five per cent of all public school places should be set aside for non-fee-paying or assisted boys selected from local authority day schools.

The Fleming plan was never accepted—or rejected—by any government. Nevertheless, the public schools did offer a considerable number of places, although nothing like the twenty-five per cent mentioned. But the local authorities took up only a fraction of them. And most of those who did give the plan a trial abandoned it later.

A handful continue. Each year the Middlesex County Council sends five boys to Harrow, ten to Christ's Hospital, twenty or thirty to Mill Hill. It packs off fifteen of its girls to Wycombe Abbey, another five to Westonbirt, a great house in a 550-acre park in the Cotswolds. Hertfordshire is less open-handed—but choosy. It sends two boys to Eton, Harrow and Winchester.

One of the reasons for the local authorities' lack of enthusiasm is very simple. Though such medieval establishments as Winchester and Eton were founded to provide education for the poor, and later schools like Harrow began as ordinary local grammar schools, today it costs £400-£500 a year—with the necessary "extras"—to keep a boy at a leading public school. Eton's fees are £443 a year, plus a twenty-guinea entrance fee.

THE cost of schooling a boy or girl at an ordinary local authority day secondary school averages £78 a year. Thus the local authority is confronted fair and square with the issue. Send two children away for a special, privileged education at a public school—or use the money to pay another teacher's salary in an under-staffed school, or provide a couple of new places (average net cost £260 each) in a much-needed new secondary school.

On their side, contrary to their forebodings during the war, Britain's hundred-odd public schools today certainly stand in no need of public aid. Although their fees have risen steeply several times since 1945, all—not merely the most famous—have waiting lists, some until the mid-sixties.

Why—even when good local grammar schools are available—do so many parents feel it so all-important, at whatever cost, to secure for their sons "a public school education"? Sir Hartley Shawcross some time ago observed that, despite their objections in principle, not a single member of the Labour Party of his acquaintance failed, if he could afford it, to send his children to a public school. "Not," he added, "for snobbish reasons, but to ensure that they got the best."

Do they, in fact, so inevitably get the best?

Certainly, in the leading public schools, a boy will enjoy the individual attention made possible by smaller classes. At Eton there is one master for every eleven boys, compared with an average of one to eighteen at a local authority grammar school. Paying salaries above the Burnham Scale, offering better conditions, these schools can enjoy the pick of the nation's teaching talent.

But that the academic quality of the public school is often exaggerated is regularly demonstrated by the nationwide competition for scholarships and exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge colleges. In the year ending Easter, 1955, Manchester Grammar School boys took forty-three awards, Bristol Grammar nineteen and Bradford Grammar eighteen, compared with Eton's twelve and Rugby's thirteen. By this test many other grammar schools, of no particular renown, regularly beat public schools.

The fact is that a diversity of educational institutions—a hundred or so—of greatly varying quality all derive lustre from the much-prized *cachet* "public school," which is a social label immeasurably more potent than the strictly

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It seemed that the fate of a thirsty village hung on Molly Collard's rhubarb wine. And

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

by BRETON AMIS

this was the stuff that made men starry-eyed . . . the stuff that dreams are made of!

Doing carpentry every evening was thirsty work, and when old Mullins caught Fred at it he insisted on giving him a helping hand

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

BECAUSE she was a frugal woman, Fred Collard's mother had given the children rhubarb and custard for dinner, rhubarb jam for tea, and often sent them to bed on a dish of the stuff, stewed. So Fred hated it. When he married, he made his wife Molly promise never to affront him with it in any shape or form.

As she was another thrifty woman, he had to invent an excuse. "Gives me fearful cramping pains in the stomach," he told her, "and a terrible thirst."

Fred's thirst came very expensive at the best of times, so Molly promised, and she shared his alarm when the far end of their garden, from the clothes-post to his carpentry shed, mysteriously sprouted a record crop of the stuff, just where he had planned to plant a few rows of brassicas.

"Old Mullins must have chucked the crowns over," he said indignantly. "All because I thought our grass cuttings would make good mulch for his garden."

It was lovely rhubarb, the stems a deep crimson fading to the palest pink and as thick as broom handles. Fred could see it fascinated Molly, so he lured her away to look at his Jerusalem artichokes, which had unaccountably come up as giant sunflowers.

But, like her mother-in-law, Molly hated waste. On Monday morning, when Fred had gone to work, she had another good look at the rhubarb and decided that, if they couldn't eat it, she might as well make it into rhubarb wine, following the recipe in her mother-in-law's book; not for Fred, of course, but for the bazaar or the harvest festival.

Fetching her wicker washing basket she pulled about twenty-five pounds of the stuff and there still seemed plenty left. The recipe said cut it into chunks and crush with a wooden mallet, but to save time she put it through the mangle, feeding it straight into the copper, which held just five gallons of water.

Then she forgot about it until next wash-day, when she strained the pulpy mess through an old muslin curtain and tapped the liquid into a cider cask, with the whites of a few eggs to clear it as she hadn't any isinglass. She stored the cask in the shed and again forgot about it.

In fact nearly a year passed before she noticed that Fred had accumulated so many empty bottles that she was ashamed to put them in the dustbin. Taking them to the shed for slow disposal, she saw the cask, and ran in to consult her recipe. It said: "Allow the wine to remain undisturbed for twelve months, then bottle for use."

It was a pale yellow colour, and smelled of primroses. She took a sip and thought it tasted nice. Soon she had thirty bottles, all corked and sealed.

True to her promise, she hid them from Fred, locking them in the sideboard.

That afternoon she took a couple along as prizes to Jean Culham, who ran the Darby and Joan Club whist drive. "Sorry I can't stay," she said gaily, "but I've still got a line out and it looks like rain."

In her haphazard way she hadn't removed the bottle labels which said, "Blended Scotch" and "Best London Gin," and when old Mullins saw these he played the game of his life for a top score of 190. Nearly everyone in the hall checked this, as old Mullins had no head for figures, and later Molly saw him going home with a bottle under each arm. It wouldn't do him any more harm than the pints he drank at the Royal Oak, she thought.

"Old Mullins must have chucked the crowns over," Fred muttered indignantly. "And all because I thought that our grass cuttings would make a good mulch for his garden"

Over tea she had to tell Fred about it, because she wanted the sugar-bowl from the locked cupboard, and he laughed so much he nearly fell off his chair. At the best of times old Mullins was a misery, with his sagging jowls and mournful, poached-egg eyes, and how would he look when he tasted what he'd won was too good a story for Fred to keep to himself.

At the Royal Oak that evening it was voted the joke of the year—until old Mullins floated in.

Floated is the word, for his feet hardly seemed to touch the floor. He was smiling like a St. Bernard that had somehow managed to get to the brandy keg.

"No beer." He waved aside the pint the landlord had drawn. "One doesn't cast swill after wine. I've been drinking liquid gold . . . bottled sunshine. I know your Molly made it, Fred, but how? How?"

Without waiting for an answer old Mullins rested his head on his arms and quietly went to sleep. Fred shook him, but he only snorted and grunted something about sliding down a rainbow.

Fred couldn't believe Molly's wine had done this, but the others, blessed with less doubting dispositions, were already slipping away, one by one, to cadge a bottle from Molly, who was the soul of generosity.

When Fred got home he found Molly entertaining the schoolmaster, who was canvassing for gifts for an auction sale that was to build a headquarters hut for his troop of Scouts. Molly had opened a bottle of the wine and the schoolmaster had accepted a glass as an occupational risk. Now he was sipping with the bemused astonishment of one who has just received an English essay, combining the intense spirituality of William Blake with the wicked satire of Jonathan Swift, from a third-former fed on comics.

Fred reached for the bottle, but Molly was too quick. "Now, Fred, you know rhubarb is poison to you," she admonished. "I took a vow that I'd never let you have it in any shape or form, and by that I stand." She sat down rather suddenly, and giggled. "Such goings-on, with all your friends calling. I've only two dozen left, and I've promised them for the auction."

Fred said he was sure the schoolmaster would rather have a beautiful oil painting of two spaniels, framed in gilt and probably by the "Stag At Bay" chap; but the schoolmaster said he wouldn't rob them of their treasures, and on the eve of the auction the wine would be collected by a truck in charge of his two most trusted patrol leaders.

"Rhubarb," he mused, "from the Latin *rha barbarum*, meaning the root of the foreigners. I wonder, is it a fruit or a vegetable? I could write a poem about it, Mrs. Collard." He emptied his glass and walked sedately to the door. "Rha! Rha! Barbarum!" he cried; and, as he vanished into the night, his voice came back to them: "Rha! Rha! Rha!"

Molly was locking the bottle in the cupboard. She never broke a promise. "Remember the stomach cramps," she warned. "We'll have a

nice cup of tea before we go to bed, Fred dear."

Fred was in torment. Two dozen bottles of that magic brew, he reckoned, would keep him out of the Oak for a fortnight and save him pounds.

By next day the news had spread, and on the strength of it he was stood several pints before it became known that all Molly's stock had been promised for the auction.

It was hard luck, his friends agreed, but the Scouts ought to raise enough to build their hut *and* take a trip to the next international jamboree, thanks to Molly. There was scarcely a man in the village who wasn't saving to bid.

That night the Oak was almost empty and, when Fred came home early and found Molly out, he could stand the strain no longer. Being handy with a screwdriver, he whipped out the back panel of the sideboard and helped himself to a bottle. Retiring to his shed, he drew the cork.

The wine sparkled like champagne, yet had the kick of cognac. His Molly had made it. Husband and wife were one, so what was hers was his. . . .

Within a few days the shed was littered with empties. Fred started to make Molly a rocking-chair out of the old cider cask, but it was thirsty work; and, unfortunately, old Mullins caught him at it when coming to get back a borrowed hoe, and insisted on giving him a helping hand each evening.

Two days before the auction, there wasn't a bottle left, though Molly didn't know it.

"The Scouts will be calling tomorrow evening," she said happily. "I'll be glad to be rid of the stuff, Fred. I do believe it's a temptation to you."

Fred went along to the Oak to drown his conscience. There he was invited to join a syndicate paying one pound per head to make a shock bid for the whole two dozen, if the auctioneer could be persuaded to put up the wine as one lot. He hadn't the heart to tell the others there wasn't any. He felt he had let Molly down so badly that she'd never forgive him, for her word was her bond.

When he got home he made his confession, wisely giving her the rocker first. She sat in it, stricken, but she was a good wife who knew her husband's weakness.

"Well—I'll just have to make some more," she said at last. "If I don't, they may think I've sold what I promised—or, worse still, that you'd stolen it and drunk it. I'd die of shame, Fred, and everyone is going to the auction."

Fred knew it and groaned.

"It'll never be the same, Molly. The stuff has to stand for a year."

"I said I'd give rhubarb wine, and so I shall," Molly said firmly. "It may be a little newer and sharper, but it'll keep—as long as they haven't husbands like mine. The rocker is nice, Fred, but you did say you'd buy me a fireside chair with a sort of footstool that pulls out."

"You can't sit still for long, so I thought you'd rather have a rocker," he explained.

In the morning Molly filled her wicker basket with rhubarb and did some hasty mangling. She lit the copper and gave the stuff a quick boil, although the recipe said nothing about that. To save time she tapped the liquid straight into the bottles Fred had emptied, adding a pinch of custard powder to each as she hadn't egg whites to spare. When Fred came home, the two dozen bottles were lined up, neatly labelled "Rhubarb Wine" in her own writing, and waiting for the Scouts.

"That's what it is, and that's what it tastes like," she said briskly. "The other batch didn't."

Fred thought of the syndicate, the hardened topers of the Oak, paying their pounds for stewed rhubarb juice, and his sense of humour failed him.

"I'm not going to the auction," he said.

Molly said he was, because if he didn't everyone would think he was sulking because she hadn't allowed him any of the wine. Besides, there were lots of other bargains, including a fireside chair from the manor, with ear-pieces to keep out the draughts and a matching stool.

So Fred had to go. He was sweating before they reached the hall, which was packed to suffocation. He could see the schoolmaster fingering his wallet, and Colonel Reed, who kept a cellar, licking his lips. All the bars of the Oak were represented, and the landlord, fearing for his custom, was spreading a rumour that the sale of home-made wines was illegal.

Then the schoolmaster introduced the vicar, who said the auction was for a worthy cause and thanked the donors of gifts. Fred wasn't listening. His thoughts were concentrated on the rhubarb wine. He knew all hell would be let loose if the syndicate got it; and if it didn't—well, Colonel Reed was a magistrate and might bring a charge of false pretences.

He wanted to run, but was too firmly wedged. The Scouts were cheering, and Mr. Thring, the auctioneer, was hammering with his gavel.

Four seed cakes, made by the doctor's wife, were put up and quickly disposed of. There was spirited bidding for a bedspread made by the Young Wives, but a garden wheelbarrow had to be withdrawn, and Fred knew why. The men were hanging on to their money.

The wine was marshalled into four rows on the trestle table in front of the auctioneer who, like the artist he was, kept them waiting, making it the last offer before the tea interval.

"Now we come to the *pièce de résistance* in this galaxy of good things," he said, in a hushed voice. "From Mrs. Fred Collard we have received the magnificent gift of two dozen bottles of the stuff from which, I am assured, dreams are made. Masquerading under the homely title of rhubarb wine, this quintessence of elixirs, this superb village vintage, has already achieved such fame that I will not paint the lily. As perfection is indivisible, I am instructed to offer it as one lot, and I am bid——?"

"Ten pounds," snapped the colonel.

"Guineas," said the schoolmaster.

"Fifteen pounds," said the voice of the syndicate.

"Guineas," rasped the colonel.

Fred mopped his brow and loosened his collar. It was hot in the room. Someone, he thought it was Sir Thomas from the manor, said twenty pounds. Mr. Thring had his hammer poised.

"Twenty I'm bid, twenty pounds for something that may never come your way again. Did I hear twenty-five?"

If he did, nobody else did, for a sudden burst of what sounded like machine-gun fire startled the crowd as the wine, to the last bottle, blew its corks. The fusillade had a military precision. Corks ricocheted from the ceiling and twenty-four spouts of fermenting rhubarb juice played like fountains, drenching the platform and the front rows in a frothy cascade.

Those in front drew back; the colonel charged forward, as if to take an enemy position single-handed. At the rear of the hall a small Scout blew what he imagined to be the "Cease Fire" on his bugle, and Fred almost fainted from sheer relief.

The vicar averted a near panic by rising, soaked but imperturbable. Home-made wines were no novelty to him. "Lot twenty-nine is withdrawn," he announced, "owing to circumstances of atmospheric humidity beyond our control. Tea will now be served by the Guides, after which the auction will proceed."

Fred felt queer. He went out for a breath of air and when he came back the chair from the manor was being auctioned. Someone was making an idiotic bid of eight pounds for the worm-eaten old thing.

Then he heard Molly's jubilant voice. "I've got it, Fred—my fireside chair!"

"You must be crazy!" he gasped.

"Why?" Molly asked. "Reckon my wine saved you two weeks' drinking, Fred, and eight pounds wouldn't cover that."

Fred saw the justice of it. She was a good wife and tomorrow he'd put a few rows of brassicas where the rhubarb was. She couldn't make wine out of cabbages. THE END

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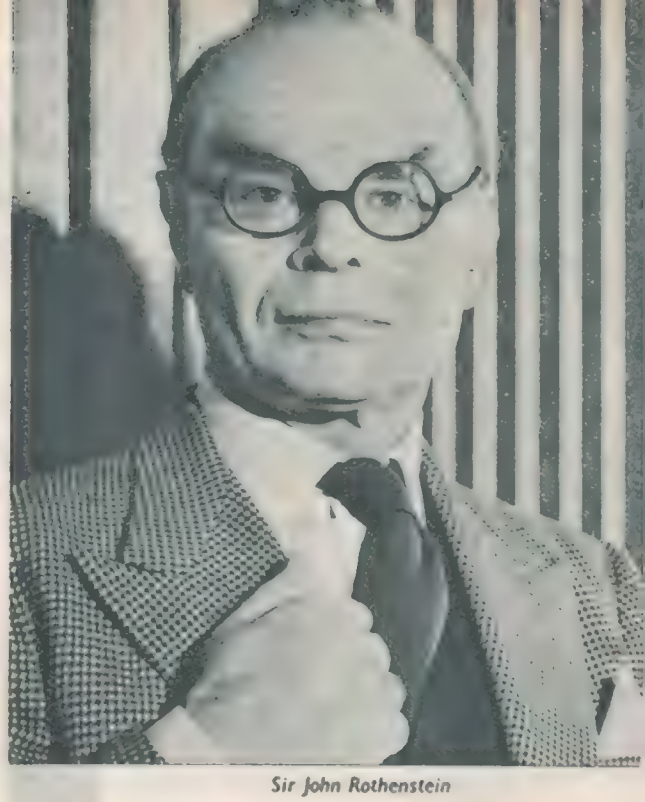

Sir John Rothenstein

This is the day of the once-derided Impressionist painters—artists such as Renoir, Degas, Cézanne and Van Gogh, who created a new epoch in the history of painting.

Auction-room prices have soared, exhibitions are drawing record crowds to the galleries, and the sales of reproductions are booming.

Now JOHN BULL will present a series of magnificent full colour, double-page plates of work by famous Impressionist and post-Impressionist artists.

The paintings have been selected by Sir John Rothenstein, director of the Tate Gallery. He is the author of many books on British and modern painting, including one on Manet.

With each picture he has selected Sir John writes a brilliant appraisal of the artist and his work.

MODERN MASTERPIECES

Selected and introduced by SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

1 · RENOIR

A brushful of colour and light

Not far north-west of Paris lies the little town of Bougival on the Seine, which was a popular river resort in the last century. There, in the summer of 1869, the painter Pierre-August Renoir was living at his parents' house, close to the home of his artist friend, Claud Monet. For months the two painters worked together, mostly at the bathing beach at La Grenouillère, where the river was gay with boats and people.

Not that they could work as much as they wished. From time to time they were held up by lack of paints, which they were too poor to buy.

In August, Monet had to write to a friend to send him paints so that he could get on. "Renoir is bringing us bread from his house so that we don't starve," he wrote. "For a week no bread, no kitchen fire, no light—it's horrible."

Renoir's plight was no better. He did not even have enough money to stamp his letters. "We don't eat every day," he wrote. "Yet I am happy in spite of it. Monet is good company. But I do almost nothing because I have not much paint."

A month later, in late September, they were completely halted through lack of money. But they would not give up, and from the pictures which they did paint, so gay and so happy, nobody could guess that they were starving. From those pictures developed the technique which has become known as "Impressionism."

This technique did not, of course, come into being once and for all in any one day or any one year. Life is not like that. As with most human affairs, it was more gradual, more quietly worked up to and developed. Four or five years earlier, Monet had been painting at Honfleur on the coast of Normandy, not far from Deauville. And later, he repeated some of his favourite summertime motifs during the winter, when there was snow on the ground.

He then came to see the more clearly that shadows are not pockets of darkness but are to some extent penetrated by light and are, therefore, coloured. He had already been aware of this and, in fact, anyone can see it for himself if he cares to look. But Monet realized that to use colours in the shadows increases the luminosity of the sunlight. If blue-violet is painted into the shadows, the orange-yellow tones of the sunlight are enhanced through the complementary colours.

The paintings which Renoir and Monet accomplished with so much difficulty at La Grenouillère confirmed and extended all this. On a summer's day, a boat, or the flesh of a person bathing, or people's clothes as they sit at the water's edge reveal quite a lot of the visual interest behind Impressionism. Objects give and borrow light and colour among themselves; what their colour is depends on their distance, on their surroundings, on atmospheric conditions.

It is possible then to see the action of light on the surfaces on which it falls, and to see these surfaces not as coloured masses, so to speak, alongside one another, just sitting in air and light, but as shimmering planes defined by the way the light falls on them and is reflected.

They become, not so many objects cut off one from the other, but so many ways in which the enveloping atmosphere and light reveal themselves in colour and tone. Solidity itself, and distance, are not conveyed by the perspective of lines but revealed by subtle variations of colour and tone—by the way the light falls.

Reflected by water, light vibrates—as it also does on snow, or on a metalled road on a hot summer's day—and sunshine reflected by the Seine at La Grenouillère began to affect the way in which the two painters, and especially Renoir, put their colours on the canvas. They began to paint with small strokes of bright colour rapidly put down.

Three years later Monet built himself a studio in a boat on the Seine at Argenteuil, so that he could paint on the river itself. He lived there, in great financial difficulties, for four years, and Renoir visited him frequently so that they could work together. From there, in 1873 and the following years, came the first great paintings that can be called "Impressionist" in the strict sense.

The quick strokes of colour became even smaller. Renoir gave the lead, but both painters put down their colours pure and unmixed. They knew that a stroke of red set down next to one of yellow not only fuses in the eye to orange, but that it is a much more intense and vivid orange than can be got by setting on the canvas a stroke of orange already mixed. So, too, blue and yellow mixed produce green, but if blue and yellow are juxtaposed, at a distance the eye sees green and a green that is more intense.

The Impressionists did not use this technique in any systematic way, but just as it suited their purpose. And their purpose at this time was to capture the vividness of colour and light out of doors, the shimmering of objects as they reflected the sunlight, and the sunny air itself as it drenched and caught water and grass, houses and trees, flesh and clothes. They painted what was before their eyes, taking Nature, so to speak, more or less as it came.

The older painters had not worked like that. They might, indeed, make studies or sketches from Nature, taking notes, even very full notes, out of doors; but these studies were worked into a careful and often elaborate composition indoors, in the studio, and it was there that the final picture was painted.

Nature as it is was not considered a worthy subject of art, but only Nature as somehow perfected by the transforming mind of the artist. The human body, too, especially as painted straight from a model, was regarded as ugly or vulgar or indecent without the perfecting and idealizing eye of the painter.

It was also a part of the official attitude into which traditional principles of painting had ossified that contemporary life and everyday scenes were of themselves below the dignity of the artist. If he painted realistically from the naked model he had to give his picture some stage properties from Greek mythology and entitle it by the name of a Greek goddess.

This attitude had already been challenged by the "realist" painters who preceded the Impressionists. Edouard Manet, who became a friend of the Impressionists and for a time was a leading figure in their circle, had been violently attacked in 1865 when he exhibited a painting entitled "Olympia." This was a modern version of a "Venus" by Titian, but the naked girl who lay on her couch looking at the spectator was very clearly neither a goddess nor an ancient Greek. She was very much a contemporary Parisienne, with the head of a distinctly personal character.

Criticisms of Manet had also picked on his use of colours. He put them on with abrupt transitions from light to dark, leaving out the usual gradations, and his colours were bright and vivid. One consequence of this was that the shapes came out as rather flat and shadowless—much as they might appear in the first second of the eye's seeing the subject. The outcries directed against Manet were shortly to be directed against the Impressionists, and the reasons were roughly the same. They took their subjects from life around them and they used colour in an untraditional way.

For one thing, they used it very bright. An English baronet and connoisseur once said that a painting should have the colour of an old violin, and this is how many people in the nineteenth century liked paintings to look. Possibly it was because this was how the paintings of the great Italians and Dutch had come to look, and it was not realized that the colour of the old violin was mainly varnish browned with age and begrimed with dirt.

It had been the custom for painters to prepare their canvas with a brown tone and to paint from the darks to the lights, putting in the whites, to mark the high lights, last of all. But the Impressionists—in this led by Monet—began

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RENOIR

"The Luncheon Of The Boating Party" (*Le Déjeuner des Canotiers*) was completed by Renoir in 1881, and first exhibited in Paris in 1882. It is on a canvas 51 ins. x 68 ins., and is owned by Duncan Phillips, president and director of the Phillips Collection in Washington, where it is permanently on view.

to paint in bright tones directly on to the white canvas, and in this way the colours came out much more vividly.

What was more challenging, however, was that as these young men looked closely at Nature, and particularly at landscapes under snow and at trees and boats surrounded by water, they came to see that the colour of an object is not something contained within it, so to speak, and cut off from the objects around it. Quite the contrary. The colour depends also on reflections—for instance, from surrounding objects. The more they looked the more did these young men come to see the world in terms of sheer colour and sheer light.

Renoir, like his friends, did not at all want to be regarded as a revolutionary. He was as anxious as anyone for his work to be hung in government-sponsored exhibitions. "For my part," he once said, "I have always believed that I have done no more than continue what others have done before me, and much better than me." But this did not save him from being scourged by his critics when, in April, 1874, he and his friends held an exhibition in Paris.

Historians now trace the evolution of modern painting to that exhibition, the first of eight which the Impressionists held between that year and 1886. The artists who combined to stage them included many of the greatest painters of recent times, but then they were regarded as a gang of madmen who just did not know how to paint. For years the official art world of Paris would have nothing of them and paintings that today could not be bought for £50,000 could not then be sold to pay the rent.

"Try to explain to Monsieur Renoir," a critic wrote in 1876, "that a woman's torso is not a mass of flesh in the process of decomposition, with green and violet spots to show it as a completely putrefied corpse. . . . This accumulation of crudities is shown to the public without a thought for the fatal consequences that may ensue. Yesterday a poor soul was arrested who had just seen the exhibition and was biting the passers-by. Seriously, these lunatics are to be pitied. . . ."

It is now clear that this group of painters had realized a centuries-old ambition of European artists. They had reached some of the ultimate refinements of painting—the natural world, as it appears to the senses. How was it, then, that these paintings were regarded as so absurd when they were first made?

Impressionist pictures were, in their fashion, revolutionary. They were certainly novel and original, and what is original is always disturbing when there is major talent behind it. All of us tend to settle down into routines, to like the things we have grown accustomed to, to enjoy the same old things done in the same old way; we resent what shakes up our settled habits of mind—or how we use our eyes.

Renoir and Monet were alike in using their eyes in a way that was then entirely new. But they were very different in temperament and character. They grew up and developed differently. While at La Grenouillère they were trying to paint things as they look to an eye that is pure eye. But people are people. They can be gay or sad, cruel or tender. They are not simply surfaces that catch the light. Nature is not only optical sensations.

As the years went on, Monet grew more and more engrossed in these optical sensations, as if objects were of no importance in themselves and the sensation of light was the only thing that mattered. Light and colour, in themselves, became his theme. He said once to an American pupil that he wished he had been born blind and then had suddenly gained his sight so that he could have begun to paint without knowing what were the objects that he saw before him.

The great Cézanne is supposed to have declared that "Monet is only an eye; but, my God, what an eye!" And so the things Monet painted came to dissolve into a mass of vibrating strokes of colours and their tones.

Renoir was very different. For him people were very much people. He did indeed love painting out of doors in the countryside, enormously enjoying himself with his rainbow palette and singing with his bright colours of the gaiety and sparkle of the world. But he loved Montmartre no less and the prettiness of girls and the animation of life around him.

Montmartre was not in those days either a tourist district or a particularly bohemian one; its inhabitants were working-class families. It had a dance hall, the Moulin de la Galette, with a dance floor indoors and another in the garden. Here the regulars gathered of an evening to dance and to drink wine or beer and to eat the pancakes, or *galettes*, from which the place took its name.

Renoir knew all of them, and this was a life he loved. He liked to get the young people to pose for him. The girls were sometimes reluctant, but Renoir took advantage of a new fashion in hats set by an actress with a creation called the "Timbale," of which working girls dreamed. Renoir bought a dozen *Timbale* hats to give away as presents, and soon there was no lack of models.

This was the world, and his feelings about it, that in 1876 he painted in one of his masterpieces, "Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette." Today it hangs in the Louvre, but when it was exhibited in 1877 the public was still, on the whole, mocking. That year the bids on paintings by Renoir ranged between forty-seven francs and 285 francs (about £2 and £12 10s.).

"The Luncheon of the Boating Party" (*Le Déjeuner des Canotiers*) belongs to the same world as "Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette." It was painted in 1881 at Bougival, where he had worked with Monet twelve years before, and its subject is an open-air meal for a party of ordinary young people just off the river.

The models are almost all people whom he knew well, and they can be identified. The girl sitting on the left, holding a little dog, is Alice Charigat, whom Renoir married shortly afterwards and painted many times—she would seem to be the subject of several nudes painted on a honeymoon trip to Italy. The girl on the right with her head turned towards the two young men is a model, Angèle, who also appears in a celebrated picture of a girl with a cat asleep on her lap. Opposite the future Madame Renoir, sitting backwards, is another friend whom the painter had met seven years before—Gustave Caillebotte.

Caillebotte was an interesting man. An engineer who specialized in ships and owned several yachts (he may have helped Monet to make his floating studio), he was a painter in his spare time. A rich bachelor, modest and intensely loyal, he had been buying paintings from Renoir and Monet for six or seven years, both because he admired them and wanted to help them in their often desperate poverty.

Gradually he built up a superb collection of modern paintings by the Impressionists and their friends, and as early as 1876 he had a collection of which he was so proud that he decided to bequeath it to the French people.

In November of that year, though only twenty-seven years old, he made a will leaving all his pictures to the State on condition that they should ultimately be hung in the Louvre and that they be accepted as a whole; Renoir was to be his executor. Caillebotte died young in 1894, and the prospect of his sixty-five paintings being hung in a government-sponsored museum aroused another uproar. Official teachers and artists from the School of Fine Arts threatened to resign.

Caillebotte's bequest included works any single one of which would now be the pride of any art gallery; it represented Renoir himself, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Manet, Degas, Cézanne. But "I do not know these gentlemen," exclaimed one of the leading artists and teachers of the day, a man much looked up to in his time. "For the government to accept such filth there would have to be great moral slackening."

Indeed, the bequest would have been turned down had not Renoir agreed to its being split up, some works being accepted by a reluctant government and some rejected. THE END

"La Loge," by Renoir, can be seen now in the Tate Gallery. Renoir enjoyed painting out-door scenes, but he also depicted the life and gaiety of Paris

The next great painting in this superb series of double-page full-colour prints is by Edgar Degas

THE GOLDEN BOY NEXT DOOR

by DON EVERITT

Steele travels to a show with Larry Parnes (left) and John Kennedy. "None of us can do without the others," he says. Their partnership has taken Steele from coffee bar singing to the star's place on a film studio set (right)

For £50,000 a year, Tommy Steele does the things his fans can almost do themselves

In London two years ago, Joe Napoli, an American show business agent, befriended an unemployed publicity man named John Kennedy. When Napoli went home, he left eighty dollars to help Kennedy.

A year later, Kennedy cabled Napoli in Hollywood asking him for financial backing in return for a partnership in the management of a promising rock 'n' roll singer named Tommy Steele. Napoli, who specializes strictly in West Coast jazz musicians, declined.

Last January he visited London again. This time Kennedy refused to let him pay any bills. "The last time I'd seen this guy," says Napoli, "he couldn't afford a pot to make tea in. Now he was loaded. New offices in Oxford Circus, new car, new flat: all from this boy Steele.

"To think I could have had a piece of him, too. But how was I to know he was not just another two-bit rock 'n' roller? What *has* he got that the others haven't, anyway?"

For eighteen months show business in general has worried itself trying to answer these questions. Nobody so lacking in technical ability and experience has ever risen to the top income bracket on the British stage as fast as Tommy Steele. In his first six weeks as a professional artist he rose from obscurity to top the bill on a provincial tour and at London's Café de Paris.

Since that time, fifteen months ago, he has starred in two films (including his own life story), in television, in pantomime, on the West End stage, on the Continent and in South Africa. He has made more than a score of best-selling gramophone records.

In 1957, his first full year in show business, he earned more than £50,000, of which he received about half after taxation.

The three people who, unlike Napoli, did not stop to ask questions but quickly seized a piece of Steele are reaping a rich return. His managers, Kennedy and Laurence Parnes (who took the piece Napoli refused), jointly receive thirty per cent of all Steele earns; his bookng agent, Harold Fielding (Agency Division), takes another ten per cent (Fielding's enterprises profit two ways out of Steele: his concerts division has Steele under contract to appear in stage shows for a minimum of twenty weeks a year; his booking agency takes a ten per cent cut of all the work it books for Steele, including Fielding's twenty-week contract.)

The remaining sixty per cent of Steele's income goes to Tommy Steele Promotions, the directors of which are Thomas Hicks, junior, alias Steele himself, and his parents, former tic-tac man Thomas Hicks and Elizabeth Hicks, a home help before her son rose to fame.

Hicks, junior, himself likes to attribute the success of Tommy Steele to the fact that he is "not a one-man show." Hicks says: "Steele is

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Poison and barbed wire were his weapons. I had only my fists to save me from the . . .

TYRANT

A STONE came out of the bright, empty sky. One moment I was walking up the quiet road, with the harbour at my back and the long green slope of the mountain in front of me, and the next, something like a black sun came swinging at me out of the blue. A long way ahead of me I saw Ann O'Rourke standing in the doorway of the house, very clear and still, like a painting; blue dress, black hair falling across one shoulder, one hand lifted to wave to me. Then there was the smash of the stone against my forehead, the sky heeling, and nothing.

I came to with the splash of cold water on my face, and somebody's hands lifting my head. "Are you all right, Michael?" Ann was saying. "Did you see who it was?"

But, although I had come to, it was a few seconds before my mind was clear again, and for a little I just lay there in the road, looking up at her as if I'd never seen her before. Her face was white as a new sheet with the fright she'd had, and her eyes seemed to have drained of colour until they were no longer green but sea-grey. *She's beautiful,* I thought, and I felt quite content to lie there with my head resting on her forearm.

Ann O'Rourke had come to the house when she was twelve, her parents, my mother's cousins, newly dead. All the possessions she had in the world were in a small suitcase; her dresses and two dolls and her best shoes that had straps and buttons on them.

I remembered how plain she had been, the pale little face with the fringes of black hair framing it, and the legs and arms too long. She had changed very much in the ten years since then, and I suppose in a way I'd noticed it, coming back once and twice in the year from sea. But it had never come to me until now that she was beautiful.

And then other things came hammering their way back into my mind. The pain first, where the stone had struck me; and, vaguely, the memory of a man's back bent double on the far side of the stone fence, and the sound of his feet running on turf. He'd be a safe mile away by now.

"Did you see who it was?" Ann said again. And I tried to think who it had been. But it didn't matter.

"One of the Coonertys," I said. "You can count on that."

The Coonertys were the kings of the parish now. They had the shops in the village, and the five farms that were worth having, and the ownership of the fishing boats. And the rest in their pocket. When Tim Coonerty held court in his own bar in the middle of the village, he could look round him like a king in his kingdom; like a worm in his own apple.

Except for my mother's farm.

There were other farms that didn't belong to Tim Coonerty's relatives, of course. But the men who owned them were in his pocket, as I've said. We were the only ones who weren't because we were O'Haras, and we had held land in the parish of Kilnore since the time of the kings.

There had been a day when the whole sweep of the bay was O'Hara land, and the islands in the bay, and the ships. But that was a long time ago. All that we had left now were ten acres that would grow wheat, and the grazing for a pair of cows on the green slope of the mountain above the house.

But as long as an O'Hara had that land, we would still be great people in Kilnore. And Tim Coonerty could never be a great man. He could only be rich, and the very sight of us was like vinegar to him.

That was the reason for the stone from behind the wall—because in their own minds the Coonertys had persuaded themselves that our farm was rightly theirs.

My grandfather had only three children that lived—my mother, and another daughter who had gone to live in Dublin long ago, and a son who had married a Coonerty and left two daughters, who were themselves married to other Coonertys by now. When my grandfather died, the whole tribe and clan of the Coonertys had been sure that the land was theirs. How would it go except to my grandfather's only son, in spite of the fact that they hated the sight of one another?

And what right would my mother have to inherit it, and she a woman? Sure, she'd worked and minded it with her husband, an O'Hara like herself and her own second cousin, and nursed my grandfather along with it for twelve years, but what did that matter?

There were so many Coonertys squeezed into the house when the will was read that there was hardly room for my mother, and she told me after that Ann O'Rourke had to stand outside the window to listen.

I would have liked to have seen the look on Tim Coonerty's face that day. He had two farms himself, one on either side of us, and he'd counted for ten years on filling the gap between them with our land.

THAT had been three months ago. Since then the Coonertys had begun to close their hands around my mother. They knew she would never sell of her own will, and so they set out to break her. They were up to all sorts of tricks: a piece of barbed wire tucked into a bale of hay for one of the cows; the dog dead of poison; the children put up to it to shout after Ann or my mother in the street; and the grown-ups barely speaking to them.

And two days ago I had come home to it. Now the stone. . . .

"Can I help you up?" Ann said. There was colour back in her face by now, a dark flame of anger.

"No," I said, although I could feel my knees like water under me when I stood. "I don't want any Coonerty to see me held up by a girl."

It sounded harsh after I'd said it, and I was sorry, but my head was ringing too much to pick words, and we walked the hundred yards to the house without saying any more.

It was a low, long house, much bigger than our few acres deserved. It belonged to the time when we had still owned land worth looking over, although there was no great grandeur to it even so: just a big kitchen as you went in, and two rooms to each side of it, one mine when I was home, and one Ann's, and the other two my mother's, now that my grandfather was dead.

I remember those rooms since I was a small boy, and the great joy of my life was to be allowed into them. All the pride that we had left was in them.

My grandfather's room was very dark and full of gear. There were two guns on wooden pegs on the wall; a riding crop, although it was very long since a horseman had carried it; a great silver watch hanging on a nail beside the big bed. And a table littered with farm things, as if my grandfather were the owner of a great estate: catalogues, and seed samples, and twists of raffia.

My mother's room was as different from the dark jumble as sunlight from the heart of a wood. She had the boards polished until the foot slipped on them. The curtains and the cover of her bed had small roses on them and they were always as crisp and fresh as her dress.

But the great thing in that room, and the first thing you would see when you went in, was my mother's harp. Tall as herself, it was, and wrapped in a green cloth, except when she was playing it.

I THINK it was that harp, and my mother's room, that rasped Tim Coonerty's soul even more than the land itself. His own wife had an electric stove and a radio, and when she went to Mass she wore an imitation pearl necklace. But let my mother walk beside her, and you saw that Mrs. Coonerty had red hands and thick ankles, and was born to scrub floors. . . .

My mother was peeling the potatoes as we came in, and her hands trembled as she looked up and saw my face.

"What happened?" she whispered.

"The Coonertys," Ann said. She took the knife out of my mother's hand and sat down in her place to finish the potatoes, not looking at me.

I knew that what I had said was still hurting her, that I wouldn't let any Coonerty see me leaning on a girl's arm. She thought that I had meant more than I had said, and that it was *her* arm that I wouldn't be seen holding, as if I was too grand for that, and she half a servant to my mother.

Again I looked at her with new eyes. She was bending very low over the white basin on her knees, so that I couldn't see her face: only the smooth curve of her head, and the black hair that never hung quite straight, but half curled at the ends like the tips of a blackbird's wings; and her back very slim and long in the blue dress.

Suddenly I wanted to take the knife out of her hands and the basin, and the earth-brown potatoes, and fling them out of the door. And then . . . and then what?

"Sit down, child," my mother was saying, pressing me down into one of the kitchen chairs by the table under the window. "Sit down while I fetch you something."

I watched her going over to the dresser and reaching up for the bottle of whiskey that stood there for great days and emergencies. As she stretched upwards, you could see how her black dress had worn thin, and faded almost white in places from washing, and I realized that my

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

OF KILNORE

I said suddenly: "All this will be my land, Ann. And yours too, if you'll have it"

mother had become old, and that I wasn't a child any longer, even when she was there.

It was as if she were the child now. And I had to care for her. It was a strange feeling, the strangest feeling I've ever had in my life, as if everything about me had in one moment become heavy. A bird might feel that way if he went flying into the sky and found suddenly that he was tied by the leg.

For eight years I had been as free as a man could be who has to earn his own living. Kilnore had been somewhere to come back to, for three days or a week, or for Christmas, from the far ends of the world. And whenever I came back, I was a child again, and my mother and Ann spoiled me, and brought my first morning's breakfast in to me in bed. It was their house and I had no responsibility in it, except to send my mother a little money by the month.

Now, quite suddenly, all this was changed. I suppose I had known that it was changed when I came back two days before and heard what had been happening. But I hadn't admitted it then. I'd tried to laugh about it as something that wouldn't go on, and the two women had tried to laugh along with me, not to spoil my first day. But the stone had knocked that laughter out of me, and cleared my eyes.

I could see the fear in the two of them, in the way my mother moved a little stiffly, as if her pride were holding her upright, like a stick, and in the way Ann was uneasy with me, as if she were all the time afraid of saying too much, of saying anything that might seem as if they wanted me to stay and were afraid of the time when I would be gone again.

My mother put a glass of whiskey into my hand and I drank it to please her, but this wasn't something that whiskey would solve.

"One of the Coonertys knocked me out with a stone," I said. "God knows which of them, and even if I'd seen him, there'd be five of them to swear he wasn't within five miles of me all day. But that doesn't matter. What matters is when I go away again. I hadn't realized it was like this. . . ."

I saw their faces change, going blank, as if they didn't want me to see into their hearts.

"Either I must stay," I said, "or you must leave."

"If you stayed," said my mother, "you couldn't stand against all of them, and I would never sleep an easy night worrying for you. And how would we live with an extra mouth, and a man's needs, and less money? And it would be giving up your whole life. I would never ask that of you. We'll be all right."

She lifted her hand and touched Ann's cheek with her fingers, as if to reassure her. "They'll not use violence against women. And, if all comes to all, I can sell the farm for a good price. Jane, my sister, would have a room for me in Dublin if I asked her."

She had turned her back to me by now, and Ann was bent over the basin again.

"That might be best," I said. "I would never sleep an easy night either, thinking of the two of you here, and that tribe of savages persecuting you for ten miserable acres of land. You would be happier in Dublin. Think of all

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you could do there—the cinemas and the friends, and the shops."

"True enough," said my mother, still with her back to me, and her hands fiddling with this and that on the dresser.

I tried to think of something else to say, but there was nothing, and I drained the whiskey. "I'll walk up the field a little," I said, "and maybe bring in the cow."

"Do that," said my mother. "And I'll lie down a little. It was a shock to me, seeing you coming in with blood on your face." She came over to me quickly and put her two hands on my cheeks and kissed my forehead. "Take care for yourself always, won't you, my son?" She went in to her own room then and shut the door.

"Wouldn't it be better for you both if you left here?" I said to Ann.

"Maybe," she said.

"What would you do then?"

"Go to England, I suppose," said Ann, not looking at me. "What else would there be for me?"

I got up and went out. The mountains above were already touched with evening, and the sea was melted silver, smooth as a mirror, with the sun blinding a path between the islands and the grey arms of the harbour direct towards my feet. I would be following that path in a little.

I thought of my mother in a small house in Dublin, and tried to think of her happy. But the smallness would be very strange to her, and so would the city, and another woman's things.

And I thought of Ann. She had come to the door of the cottage again, as she had been a while before when I was struck. She was shading her eyes with her hand, looking across the bay, and I wondered what she was thinking. But I knew in my heart without wondering. She was saying goodbye to it while it was still hers. And I knew then that I couldn't go so easily.

She looked up towards me and I beckoned, and after a moment's hesitation she began to come, walking slowly. I sat on a tuft of grass, waiting for her, and tried to think. But there was nothing really to think about. I knew what I had to do, and I felt cold under my heart. I don't think that, until that minute, I had ever really been afraid. And I hope I never have to feel like that again.

"Yes?" she said, when she was close enough.

I STOOD up and took her hands. "I may not be leaving after all," I said. "I've changed my mind. I think I'll go down to Tim Coonerty and see if this can be settled."

"Why would he settle it?"

"He might be made. Will you tell Mother to keep supper warm for me? I may be a bit late with it all."

She smiled at that, for the first time that day, and looked at me straight. "Why did you change your mind?"

I thought for a reason, looking round the two wheat fields with their thin delicacy of green, and the rougher green of the grazing field where we were standing.

"All this will be my land, Ann," I told her. And then, without meaning to say it at all, without that thought ever having been in my mind before, I said: "And yours, too, if you'll have it." And then I went quickly, in case she might sense how afraid I was and try to stop me from going.

I half ran most of the way, to stop myself from thinking, until I came to the village street itself, when I walked very slowly to get my breath easy again. There was nobody about, except a pair of boys fishing from the harbour wall. The women would be cooking the suppers now, and the men would be in Coonerty's.

From outside the bar I could hear voices and the chink of glass, and I thought of the silence there would be when I went in.

I felt my mouth dry, and I could count my heart beating. I shut my eyes and tried to believe in what I was doing, tried to believe that I was doing it out of the same simple hunger for the land that moved Tim Coonerty, but I had nothing except the profile of a girl's face, and the thought of my

mother in a strange house. I wondered if that would be enough for what was coming.

But I wouldn't find out with the door shut. I opened it softly and went inside, and for a long moment the talk went on. Then they saw me, and one by one the voices went quiet.

"Why," said Tim Coonerty, "it's the boy himself."

He leaned towards me across the bar, king in his own place; big, red-fleshed forearms folded on the mahogany, the small hairs golden in the slanting shaft of sunlight from the window. Crowded there between the bar and the shelves of bottles, he looked bigger even than I remembered.

I noticed how his striped blue shirt seemed too small for him, the buttons gaping a little to show the pink skin underneath; and how his head was sunk like a stone into his thick shoulders, with only a fuzz of gold hair like lichen over the tight, fleshy ears. He wasn't much more than thirty, but he'd been bald for years.

"The boy himself," he said again, and down the bar a couple of his cronies got ready to laugh.

"I got a message from one of your cousins this afternoon," I said.

COONERTY'S eyes went narrow, and almost disappeared, but behind me somebody snickered.

"It said that you wanted to buy our land. Was that right?"

There was a sigh of breath in the room, half of surprise, half disappointment.

"It might be," said Coonerty. His eyes were like knife slits in a pudding now. "What's your price?"

"You can pay it to me out on the harbour wall," I said. "We can see if you're as good at fighting as you are at poisoning dogs and frightening women. If you want my land, fight me for it like a man, not like a Coonerty." And I took the glass out of a man's hand beside me and emptied it into Coonerty's face.

He stood there for perhaps half a minute, with brown liquid running on him like sweat, dripping from his jaw on to his shirt. There was a babble of Coonertys behind me and I smacked the rim of the glass on the counter.

"The first man that lifts his hand to me except Tim Coonerty gets this in the face," I said, and I showed them the jagged butt in my fist.

The babble went very quiet then, until I could hear the watch ticking in Tim Coonerty's pocket. I tossed the butt of broken glass down at the feet of the man beside me and he looked at it as if it were going to bite him.

"I'll be outside," I said, and I walked through the silence into the street again. The palms of my hands were wet, and I could feel the sweat running on my back. I took a deep breath, and began walking towards the harbour. Even when I heard the doors slamming open behind me and feet on the cobbles, I stopped myself from looking round.

Ten steps to the place I'd chosen in my mind. Five . . . two . . . one. I turned on my heel and the last of the sun was lighting the mountainside, and I could see the white wall of our house, very small and low under its brown thatch; and the shape of the fields; and the little black and white toy that was the cow I'd forgotten to bring in after all, and Ann, a brush stroke of blue against the end of the house; and all so quiet and still that I thought she must hear my heart beating.

Then the line of them was across the harbour wall in front of me, Tim Coonerty in the middle, and the others falling back a little to give him room.

I let my coat fall to the ground and kicked it aside from me. Coonerty flexed his fingers and ran his tongue along his lips, and one of the little men in the crowd shouted: "Kill him, Tim. Stomp on him."

I waited, and Coonerty waited, and the tension stretched between us like the string of a harp, and suddenly I knew that Coonerty had only come out to me at all because his tribe had made him. Now he didn't know what to do.

I had been afraid of him, afraid as death of facing him with his tribe round him, and now he was afraid. This great pink bullock of a man was afraid of me. It made something sing inside me, and I walked forward, as if I was going to open a door in my own house, and hit him in the face.

And that was almost the worst mistake I ever made in my life. It was like hitting a football stuffed full of stones. I felt the shock of it go up my arm and for a second I thought that every bone in my right hand was broken. But Coonerty barely moved with it. A trickle of blood came out of one corner of his mouth and he licked it mechanically, like an animal.

Then he came forward, arms wide as a wrestler, inviting me to hit him again, because he was sure now that I couldn't hurt him. And, once he had a grip on me, it would be the end.

I stepped back, nursing my hurt hand and trying to remember how many steps I had before the edge of the harbour wall. Ten, maybe twelve. The wall itself is maybe twenty yards long and five wide, and we were in the middle of it, with the tide under us at one side, and the rocks at the other. And I thought of going over on to those rocks, black and greasy with a scum of seaweed.

I took two steps back, and the line of men followed Tim Coonerty as he rolled forward, his arms reaching out like a crab's claws. The force of his own men was in him now, lifting him, and he wasn't afraid any more.

Two more steps backwards, and I began to hear the sea whispering on the rocks fifteen feet below, and the little pat of the wavelets against the stones. . . .

My one chance was the length of my arm, to hit him and be out again before he could close his hands on me. I jumped, and hit him under the heart, and my fist went into flesh and muscle like indiarubber, deep in, and his face never changed colour, never flinched. His fingers brushed the front of my shirt as I leaped back again. And I leaped back farther than I'd gone forward: How much behind me now?

I looked, and as I looked he rushed, and if his foot hadn't slipped on a wet stone that would have been the end. As it was, he came into me head down, and I cracked him twice on either side of his neck, and then with my two hands locked I chopped him at the base of the skull. He grunted and dropped on to one knee and I thought for a second that I had him. But before I could hit him again he was up, pale and sweating, but dangerous as a bull.

Stupidly, I wondered if Ann could see us. What did we look like from up there? A small cluster of men on the grey wall of the harbour, just one small part of the evening stillness? And all this so that my mother might play her music and plant flowers.

I'd heard Tim Coonerty and his wife talking of those flowers once, I remembered the hatred in their voices, not so much for the waste of good potato ground as for something that they couldn't understand and hated accordingly. And, thinking of it, I hit him under the heart again with all the weight I had.

This time I must have reached some vital part in him, because he grunted with the pain of it, and staggered. And, as he came and I stepped back, I felt the edge of the harbour wall under my foot. We had reached the end and there was nothing under my heel at all except deep water, fifteen feet below. I tried to dodge under his arm, but he had his knee into me, and then his arms round me like iron clamps, locking shut.

For one long second the pair of us balanced on the last edge of the wall, his arms closing on my ribs, his head nestling almost gently against my chest, tighter and tighter until I thought a bone must crack and I couldn't breathe any more. Then we were falling; a long, long time falling, and I wondered, as if it didn't matter, whether we were clear of the rocks. I saw a bird flying like a silver splinter of sunlight, and the sky turning, and then the metal of the water coming.

Coonerty's weight had swung us round in the air and he hit the water with his shoulders, pulling me down with him, down and down, until it was pitch dark and stifling. I felt the suck of the tide for a second as we sank against it, until the outgoing current caught us and we were rolling over and over with it.

His arms slackened from round me and I tried to breathe, to gulp air into my crushed lungs. But there was only dark water. I choked and thrashed and heard the sea's bells ringing for me in my ears; thrashed and choked again and suddenly was in brightness, and air, and breathing. It hurt to breathe and yet it was the sweetest hurt I ever felt, like ecstasy; to breathe and breathe.

Three yards from me Coonerty rolled to the surface, his wet face white with terror. He opened his mouth, but before he could shriek or breathe he sank again. But not very deep. I swam towards him and, as he came up for the second time, I caught him by the collar. He reached his arms at me and I pushed him down. Whether it was panic or fight, he would be better to me unconscious.

I held him under until I could feel no movement in him, and then I began to swim back against the tide to the harbour steps. It took a long time, and Coonerty was moaning and beginning to struggle before we were there. "Will I put you under again?" I said, and he lay like a dead fish on the water after that, letting me draw him.

WHEN we reached the steps, I put him on his knees on the bottom one and left him there while I climbed up to the men above. They parted for me without a word, and I stood on the wall for a minute to get my breath. Then, still without a word said, I left them and walked back along the harbour wall, lifting my coat from where I'd left it.

The street was as empty as when I'd come. The sunlight was off the mountainside, but I could still see the shape of the fields, and the white wall of the house. I climbed slowly towards it, all the strength out of my body and my heart. I hadn't even the strength left to be glad that it was over. Because I knew that it was over, and that the men who had come running yesterday when Tim Coonerty beckoned them would touch their caps to me tomorrow and ask after my mother. But there was no joy in that.

Ten yards from the house I turned aside on to the turf from the worn path and sat down on a flat stone. I'd sat there once when Ann came to the house first, and told her how I was going away to sea, and the places that my ship would go to, and the great things I'd do. And she had listened to me with her eyes green as the sea itself, and her chin on her thin hands, and, even though she was only a child, her quietness had suddenly made me feel that I was boasting, and that the things I was boasting about were worthless.

Now I felt like that again. I didn't want to go in to her and tell her what had happened, to let my mother prompt me into being a hero. How could one be a hero against the Coonertys?

I looked out across the bay. The sea was dull pewter now, and the islands were dark swans. Up the field the cow lowed softly, feeling lonely for her dead companion.

The door of the house creaked and there was a light footfall on the path.

"Is it done?" Ann said.

"It is."

She sat down on the stone beside me, and I put my arm round her shoulders. "Does the mother know where I went?" I asked her.

"She does. She went to her room to pray for you all the while you were down there. I told her that I saw you coming back and that it was all right."

A lamp grew into yellow flower behind my mother's curtains, and I saw her shadow moving about the room. Then, very quietly, there came the sound of her harp.

"Come up the field," I said to Ann. "We'll bring in the cow." THE END

© Brian Cleeve, 1958

Challenge the Famous

FRED HOYLE

(the astronomer) gave snap answers to six questions on EVERYDAY SCIENCE. Can you improve on his points score?

(Answers on page 31)

1 *Why does a cat's fur stand on end when it meets a dog?*
It is some sort of chemical reaction in the cat that causes its skin to tighten—thus making its fur stand on end.

2 *What is horse power?*
One unit of horse power is approximately equivalent to the amount of work one horse is capable of doing in one second. The exact definition is, I think, that one horse power is equivalent to the force needed to raise 540 pounds one foot per second.

3 *Why do leaves change colour and fall in the autumn?*
A lack of supply of chemicals from the base of the tree stops the leaves undergoing photosynthesis at the surface.

4 *Why does steel feel colder than wood?*
Steel is a good conductor and quickly conducts the heat of the hand away from the point touched.

5 *What notable discovery was made by Nobel, founder of the Peace Prize?*
He invented dynamite.

6 *Why is a soap bubble spherical?*
Well, it's because a sphere has the least surface for a particular volume, and liquid always contracts to its most compact form.

HOUSES—I

Houses are built to live in and not to look on.

Francis Bacon

Fences

Fences are for vines to grow on,
For children to climb over,
For birds to perch and cocks to crow on,
For holes beneath by Rover.

Fences are for cats to sit on,
For chatting at by neighbours,
For gardeners to lean a bit on
When resting from their labours.

Fences are for shading plants
Lest hot sun be injurious,
For shielding us from prying glance
And making others curious.

RICHARD ARMOUR

IN SHORT

Just Published

This was more than an average wet season. Bridges were washed away, mails were held up for weeks, and supplies ran dangerously low. . . .

The rain ceased as abruptly as it had started. And as the country dried the rats came, spilling in an ugly wave over hundreds of miles, covering the long-suffering land like lava. They ate everything before them. An army of small scurrying feet hid every other track on the roads. . . . Nothing was allowed to grow. The rats waited, watching with crafty eyes. When darkness fell they would swarm on every tender, growing thing. They attacked the supplies. Bagged flour was a favourite. . . .

For some reason they never came upstairs, although they invaded the lower part of the house. We were used to seeing them in the evening as we sat in the lounge. The fat, grey bodies would scuttle across the green cement with a brazen unconcern that revolted me. . . .

Quite suddenly the rats disappeared. For months after the rats had gone, wild cats abounded. "Why do they come like this, *after* a plague of rats?" I asked. No one could tell me, and as strangely and unexpectedly as the rats had vanished, so did the cats.

From *Steak for Breakfast* by Elizabeth O'Conner, published this week by Angus & Robertson.

Starke's Guide To The Happy Home

"Bickering between husband and wife is to be deplored at any time, but becomes inexcusable in front of the children"

The Casket

Opening the lid of an old piano
is like
withdrawing the stopper from a bottle
of scent.

Even if nothing's there
you can actually sprinkle
on to a handkerchief like tears.

You're made aware of the distillation of waltzes
in the rosewood all those years.

WILLIAM CLARKE

Other People's Letters

I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through. . . .

For four days we have been unable to leave the tent—the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. . . .

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of next column.

Foreign Affairs

According to the Moscow evening newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva*, a woman named Ekaterina Eivazov will shortly be celebrating her 120th birthday on a collective farm in Azerbaijan. Her chief task is looking after her father, Mahmoud. He is 150 years old.

Steve Christodoulow, sixty-seven, was charged by Toronto police with vagrancy after being arrested in a railway station. Searching his shabby suit, they found a wallet in a torn lining. Inside were 167 dollars which Christodoulow had completely forgotten about.

Joe Chavers, of Los Angeles, had his lunch wagon destroyed when it stuck in the path of a passenger train. The only thing saved was his coffee urn. While railway officials were inspecting the damage Joe sold hot coffee to the train crew and spectators.

Short Skirt

Why are you shortening that skirt?
People are wearing them shorter now.
Because of the warm weather?
No. The fashion's been in for months. I'm late.
Aren't you too keen on it?
I'm not sure if it suits me.
Because it shows your legs?
Yes.
Aren't your legs too wonderful?
They'll have to do.
What happens if a lady has legs that won't do?
She probably leaves her skirt as it is.
But won't everyone guess she has funny legs then?
They might.

I suppose that's why you're shortening your skirt, isn't it? I said I suppose that's why you're shortening——

No, it isn't. My legs are perfectly normal.
Why does the fashion keep changing?
So ladies can show a different attraction every year.
Do you wish it was some other attraction this year?
In a way.
Who decides what the fashion will be?
Men do, mainly.
What made them pick on ladies' legs this year?
Sadism.

Wouldn't it be fun if they decided ladies' legs were nice and told them all to wear shorts next year? I said wouldn't it be fun if they decided——

LIONEL DAVIDSON

The letter in column two was written by Captain Robert Falcon Scott from the Antarctic in March, 1912; it was found with an accompanying note to his friend, Sir James Barrie.

MADE FOR MAN

Marion knew that her acting days were all but over. And now she must play the greatest rôle of her lifetime

by A. P. HERBERT

THE newspapers were full of it. Diana—the lovely young Duchess of Clowes—was in love with a handsome naval officer. But they couldn't marry. The Church said no; because Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew, R.N., had been married before.

But there was hope yet for Dan and Di. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Caraway was steaming to the rescue, with a Bill to scupper the Church's stand against the remarriage in church of divorced people whose first partners still lived. Sir Ewan Harker—the veteran divorce campaigner—had drafted the admiral's Bill. It was dynamite.

The admiral had good reason for his interest in the divorce question. Primrose, his own sweet daughter, loved a writer, young Cyril Sale, whose divorced wife had married again and was living in Minnesota. And for Primrose it was a church wedding or nothing.

Dan and Di had another ally. Dame Marion Marne, the gracious stage star who was Dan's former wife, was threatening to kill herself to clear the way for the young couple.

The Archbishop of Canterbury himself had tried to talk her out of it. So had the admiral. So had her own dear friend Hugh, a solicitor. But Marion had been adamant—till now.

"I'm in the way," she said slowly. "If I were dead they could be married. But wouldn't it be the same thing if I just—disappeared?"

PART FOUR

The Dame Hatches A New Plot

ALL three men stared at Dame Marion. Hugh Creek's quick legal mind was the first to act. "You mean, if you were 'presumed dead'?" he said.

"Yes," said Marion. "And I want you all to help me."

"Now, look here, Marion," said Creek, "you'd better put that out of your mind at——"

"Avast!" said the admiral.

"Well," said the dame, "that's the condition. If you won't help, I shall—do the other thing. After all I've said, I must do something."

"But Marion!"

"Let her explain, Mr. Creek," said the admiral gently. "Personally speaking, I'm fogbound."

Hugh Creek stood up. "That may be, sir. But to me it's perfectly clear. What Marion is vaguely proposing is a conspiracy to cause a public mischief. I'm strongly against her doing anything so dangerous. Apart from that, as a solicitor, I'm an officer of the court, and I can't have any part in it, so I'd better withdraw. But I hope that you will do your best to dissuade this lady from another piece of folly."

"Don't forget the condition, Mr. Creek," said Sir Ewan mildly.

"Condition?" said Creek. "That's a bluff. The whole thing's a bluff—and I for one am sick of it."

Mr. Creek was very angry; but so was the dame.

"Hughie!" she cried. "How dare you! If you knew what I've suffered!"

Her eyes blazed, and Hugh Creek weakened. "Very well," he said. "I apologize. Good night, all. I'll see you later, Marion."

"Don't be too sure," she said.

"Now, now," said the admiral soothingly as the door closed behind Hugh. "Tell us the tale. I believe every word you've said. So does Sir Ewan, I'm sure."

Sir Ewan grunted affirmatively.

"Well, you see," Marion said, "what I thought, supposing I seemed to be drowned, but I wasn't, and I hid away somewhere."

"You mean," said Sir Ewan, "you're presumed dead—that might take a few months—and the couple are married. What then?"

"Then," said the admiral, "she'd come to life again, and what a fool old Sounding Brass of Canterbury would look. I say, I like this."

"Wait a minute," said Sir Ewan. "The happy couple would look pretty foolish too. It would

Fearful and pallid, the woman turned away quickly. "Please," she faltered, "I—I was only looking at the books"

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

look as if they had got married in church by a trick, and they might be suspected of complicity. Besides, according to the Church, they'd then be living in adultery—*I think.*"

"And then, as Creek said, there's the question of public mischief."

"What is all this about public mischief?" the admiral said. "Extraordinary thing, you can't do a thing these days without bumping into some bloody law."

"That's just about it. When you've done something that's obviously wrong but no recognized crime, they often get you for public mischief. The idea, I think, is that you are wasting the time of the police, public money and so on."

"Do you go to jug?" asked the admiral.

"I think you may."

"Well, it's all in a good cause. I'll face that, Sir Ewan. Besides, in this case they wouldn't want a scandal. They'd keep it dark."

SIR EWAN said: "Yes. But if the dame came back and began acting again, they couldn't."

"Oh, aye," said the admiral. "You mean that she must disappear for good. But don't you want to go on acting, Marion?"

"I should have to give it up, darling. Sir Ewan's right. Anyhow, it will soon be giving me up."

"Poor girl. Well, where are we now, Sir Ewan?"

"Well, if Dame Marion means this—and I believe she does—it's got to be done tidily. She can't be herself any more, so she's got to be somebody else."

"I don't know if it will help," said Marion, "but my twin sister has just died in America."

"My goodness!" said Sir Ewan. "Was she well known? On the stage?"

"Oh no, poor love," said Marion. "She lived alone in Greenwich Village and gave music lessons. I used to send her money. She went over to marry an American, but he let her down. Her passport's British. I've got it. They sent it over."

"So the police wouldn't pester her. Good. What was her name?"

"Margaret. Margaret Horne."

"And you wouldn't mind—playing Margaret?"

"Ordinarily," said the dame, with a slight American accent. "I'd maybe feel mean about it, but to help Dan, I guess I'd do anything."

The admiral rocked with laughter and said: "I say, what about that!"

"All the same," said Marion, "I'd like it better if she had another name—not Margaret, I mean. We were both called Mildred, after our mother. I'm Marion Mildred. She was Margaret Mildred. Could the new girl be Mildred Horne?"

"Very good," said Sir Ewan, doing duty at the decanter. "That will be safer if they read about her in America."

"Here's to Mildred," said the admiral.

"Well, Dame, the next question is, where do you drown—and where do you disappear to?"

"You keep talking about drowning, Sir Ewan," said the admiral, "but how about a fire? I wouldn't mind burning down the lodge by the lake to annoy old Sounding Brass."

"I'm against fire. It might not work."

What an extraordinary conversation! thought the dame. *Sir Ewan talks as if he arranged such little affairs every day.*

"What you want is a lady that vanishes," said Sir Ewan, "and in a fire, I believe, that doesn't always happen. Now this is what I suggest. . . .

"Mildred comes from America—and naturally stays in London with sister Marion. Mildred is a dim, sad figure, well known to the milkman and the postman and Harrod's man, but to nobody else."

"Half a minute, Sir Ewan," said Marion. "What about Florrie, my maid?"

"She'll have to know," Sir Ewan said. "But nobody else need be involved. I'll tell you why. Before poor Marion departs this life, she makes a will and leaves everything to Mildred, including the flat—and Florrie. The sorrowing Mildred lives on in Marion's flat."

"By gad, you're on target, Sir Ewan," said the admiral. "But how does Marion depart?"

"Well, I've got an idea about that, too," said Sir Ewan slowly. "What about Lambeth Bridge?"

"Lambeth Bridge!" the admiral whispered. "Lambeth Bridge! Just outside old Tinkling Cymbal's door!" He rose, he stumped across the room, he seized Sir Ewan's hand, he shook it warmly. "Sir Ewan," he said, in a voice of wonder, "this is genius—genius!"

"By the way," said Marion, "I told the archbishop I should do it at the next full moon."

"The next full moon is on Tuesday, twelfth of June—at four minutes after one," said Sir Ewan, consulting the Nautical Almanac. "Today is the twentieth of May."

The dame listened in silent wonder to these cool and matter-of-fact arrangements for a crazy enterprise. But she had asked for it, and she would not say a word. Somebody, at least, was taking her seriously.

"Now, what about heights?" said Sir Ewan. "Damn, I've forgotten the page."

The two men made abstruse calculations. "It'll be about thirty feet," said the admiral at last. "That's a long way, ain't it? What d'you think, Marion? Can you jump that?"

"It sounds easy," said the dame. "I used to be quite a diver when I was young. And sometimes I jumped off the top, holding the little nose."

"That would be the drill," said the admiral. "We can get the dame into the ditch. But how shall we get her out?"

"Well, I haven't had time to work it all out," Sir Ewan said, "but it would be something like this. I live by the river at Hammersmith and I've got a small motor-boat, the Water Witch. She was in the Thames Naval Patrol during the war."

"I've heard of her," said the admiral.

"Everybody on the river knows her. Everybody's seen her chugging about at all hours of the night. My wife and I still take an occasional party down the river.

"Now, on this night, we're coming home on the flood. Well, the dame sees us coming up past the House of Commons. She doesn't do a thing till my stern has disappeared under the bridge. Then she counts thirty, say, and then she jumps."

What fun! thought Marion, with a little shiver.

"Meanwhile, under the bridge, I turn into the tide. I've got two propellers and she turns like a taxi. We haul the dame aboard, my wife gets her into some dry clothes—Mildred's—and we steam away for Hammersmith and land her at my garden wall. In the morning——"

"Will your wife know all about it?" the admiral asked.

"She'll have to. She won't approve, but she'll play. In the morning she drives Mildred to the Underground, and Mildred goes home. She's been staying the night with friends at Richmond or somewhere. At the flat——"

"Not too fast, Sir Ewan;" said the admiral. "Who's going to be your witness?"

"Witness?" said Sir Ewan.

"Marion's to be presumed drowned in the Thames. Her body's not found. Who sees her go in?"

"Lord, I hadn't thought of that."

"I know," said the admiral. "The maid—what's her name—Florrie?"

"Would she, Marion?" asked Sir Ewan.

"She'd do anything for me," Marion said. "But I must explain to her what's really happening. She might die of heart failure otherwise."

"Yes, I'm sure you're right," said Sir Ewan. "I should tell her everything, well ahead, so that she's used to it. I think you might also tell her about—the alternative. How did she like your Dan?"

"Very much."

"Well, then, she ought to be amenable. . . . So there we are, Admiral. We're ready to sail. . . ."

Next morning the admiral and Sir Ewan breakfasted together and then advanced to the admiral's cabin. "Where's the dame?" said the admiral. "She's adrift." He opened his cabin door. "Avast there! Hallo!" he said, and halted smartly. "Good morning, ma'am."

A strange woman in black was peering shortsightedly at the navigation shelves, her spectacles close to the backs of the books. Her hair was grey; she was dressed entirely in black. She had a shawl about her shoulders, which were rounded, and she seemed to be deaf.

"Good morning, ma'am," bellowed the admiral. "Can I help you?"

The woman turned round with a start. Her face was pallid, her expression full of fear. Her mouth fell open showing ill-kept teeth. She bent her head as if, even with the glasses, she could hardly see the admiral.

"Please," she faltered, "I—I was only looking at the books."

"So I see, ma'am. But this is a private residence."

The woman's face crumpled up like a broken flower, and she burst into tears.

"I say, I'm sorry. No harsh feelings."

The admiral stumped over and patted her shoulder. The woman sobbed uncontrollably. The admiral kept saying: "Come, come, now." Sir Ewan tactfully took a book from a distant shelf.

At last the heaving shoulders were still. The admiral offered a handkerchief, which she used, her head hidden on his chest. Then she whispered, with a faintly discernible American

The jewelled and shapely new spectacles are a sight for sore eyes. They can give you more poise, good looks . . .

and sometimes you even SEE better!

by PETER JACKSON

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

AN elderly man with a white walking stick shuffled into a Bloomsbury optician's consulting-room. "The old man could just about see me," says Henry Andrews, the optician. "His eyes were so weak that he was virtually blind and he had learned Braille during a spell at St. Dunstan's."

The man had a National Health Service prescription for a low visual acuity appliance, a pair of spectacles with powerful double lenses set about an inch apart on the telescope principle.

"He left wearing his telescopic glasses," says Andrews. "The next I heard of him, he had thrown away the white stick and was waving a rattle at the first football match he had been able to see for more than ten years."

Spectacles of four hundred shapes and sizes will be giving seven million Britons a new and clearer outlook on life this year. About £20 million will be spent on glasses by people needing them for the first time and others wanting replacements for spectacles which no longer suit their eyes. Two-thirds of the spectacles will be prescribed through the Health Service, costing the country an estimated £9 million.

Britain, with four people out of ten wearing glasses, is one of the four most bespectacled countries on earth. Japan, Germany and America are the other three. Half the women in Britain use spectacles and thirty-seven per cent of the men.

A primitive form of eye-glass was used in Roman times by Nero. But spectacles have been in use in Britain for only three hundred years. The first glasses were clumsy contraptions. Frames were made of rope, silver, wood or iron. Some spectacles had a leather strap which buckled round the head. One old pair was pinned to the hair via a vertical shaft from the nose bridge.

A Spanish king looked through glasses which hung from a wooden support fastened to his hat.

Ninety-five per cent of modern frames are made of plastics, which have replaced the expensive tortoise-shell and horn in general use about forty years ago.

In 1939 six million people needing spectacles still did not possess any. Old people used to borrow their neighbours' glasses to read a newspaper. Half the glasses in use had been bought by trial and error over the counter of a chain store. More costly spectacles were prized family possessions, often bequeathed to relatives.

MORE than seventeen million people obtained spectacles in the first two years of the Health Service, which began in 1948. The government was spending £17,014,000 a year on spectacles by 1950. The demand dropped by two-thirds when a part-payment scheme was introduced the following year.

Since then, however, applications for National Health glasses (costing 10s. a lens and from 4s. 11d. to 24s. for frames) have been increasing again by a quarter of a million a year. There is a big rise, too, in people willing to spend an average of £5 for more stylish spectacles not available through the Health Service.

Actors, sportsmen and airmen are among the 25,000 people fitted with contact lenses each year. Two hundred thousand people have already paid between £28 and £40 for the conventional contact lenses which cover the whole eye, or the micro-corneal lenses which fit over only the coloured part.

Twentieth-century civilization imposes a growing strain on the human eye. British scientists have established that television is not a special culprit. But TV has joined the cinema screen, small print and artificial light in making the eye do work for which it was never designed.

A widening variety has also helped to increase the demand for spectacles. Glasses correct squints and other muscular eye troubles as well as providing clearer images for short-sighted or long-sighted people.

Henry Andrews recently dealt with a woman whose eyeball nerves were out of action and were unable to register the presence of foreign bodies in the eye. Specks of dust and even small insects could remain in her eye so long that they caused serious damage to the tissues. She was fitted with goggle-type spectacles which completely enclosed the eyes.

Spectacles with transistor-operated hearing aids built into the frames enable deaf people to hear as well as see better. With prismatic spectacles, a hospital patient lying flat on his back can read a book resting on his chest. There are spectacles incorporating red and green filters which, an American scientist claims, enable colour-blind drivers to pick out traffic signals.

Tri-focal glasses, with short-, medium- and long-range lenses within the same frame, are succeeding the now commonplace bi-focals. Many barristers with normal vision have a powerful small lens set in the bottom of each half of otherwise plain-glass spectacles. When standing to make an address, they can consult the notes on their bench without stooping. Young barristers also find that spectacles give them a more mature appearance.

Spectacles as an aid to looks as well as looking are giving opticians their busiest time since the Health Service started. Customers now ask for frames which will appear to broaden thin faces, lengthen chubby features, shorten prominent noses, balance heavy jowls, and flatter all sorts of profiles.

Spectacle stylists cannot decide whether the sixty-five per cent of executives estimated to wear spectacles need them because of the job or merely to look the part. A Croydon woman, lacking in self-confidence since her teens, tried on a friend's glasses and decided that they gave her poise. Her eyesight was normal, but she was soon wearing plain-glass spectacles with flaming-red butterfly-shaped frames.

Ninety-nine per cent of the five million sunglasses sold each year are worn only for effect. Our sun is quite harmless; people troubled by glare usually need ordinary spectacles.

GLASSES have become a fashion accessory. They are often ordered to match a dress with a strip of the material bedded in the frames, which can be trimmed with rhinestones and pearls.

Hollywood became glasses-conscious after Marilyn Monroe wore a pair in *How To Marry A Millionaire*. A Los Angeles optician recently sold a pair of spectacles with jewels worth £6,000 set across the browline. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks attended a party wearing flashing spectacles studded with small reflectors.

In London last October, an eighteen-year-old typist turned up at her office on the morning she announced her engagement wearing heart-shaped, rose-tinted spectacles. THE END

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accent: "My, I guess I'm intruding."

"Not at all," said the admiral. "Not at all."

She took off her spectacles, lifted her face, and gave him a radiant smile.

"By gad, it's Mildred!"

"No, it's not Mildred," said Marion. "But I wanted to show you what I could do. This is bathroom powder, and I borrowed a dress from a maid."

"Well done," said the admiral heartily. "Now, please, attend all hands. I've been thinking mightily. I never closed my eyes all night. I'll give you an appreciation of the situation. And no unseamanly interruptions, I beg.

"Paragraph one. Sir Ewan, you've done a fine job, you're promoted again. By gad, it's the evolution of the century. It'll shake the old Church like a tidal wave, it'll throw the old Church on its beam ends. But when the wave's passed over, by gad, the old Church will stand up like a new ship and sail away as sound as a sovereign on a new course with a new command."

He paused, and the other two dutifully said nothing.

"But now, paragraph two," continued the admiral. "The question is, do we really need it? Sub-section one. Say what you like, either of you, it's a stormy passage for the dame. It'll still be the end of Marion Marne. No more acting and singing. No more star-stuff, no more first nights and things in the papers. No nice dresses, even. Just poor short-sighted Mildred, a lower deck spinster nobody knows."

"I'll do it," Marion whispered. It was a vow.

"All right," said the admiral. "Good girl. But now, sub-section two. We're not so keen perhaps."

"You promised," said Marion.

"So we did. And we'll stick to it. But we might talk you out of it still. Question is, what else have we got? Well, we've got this Bill. If we get that through, it would put everybody in the clear."

"But what chance has that got?" Marion asked.

"To tell you the truth, Marion, God knows! What do you say, Sir Ewan?"

"Frankly, with nothing to help it, I fear the Bill may take a long, long time. But if you had something like—Lambeth Bridge, there'd be such a stink that you could rush it through."

"I'll do it," said Marion firmly. . . .

WHEN she got back to London, Dame Marion explained the plan to Florrie, her maid. After the first shock, Florrie took it very well, and sister Mildred duly arrived from America.

Mildred was very useful. She always answered the telephone. If the caller was welcome, she said: "Wait, now, while I see." If he was not, she said: "She's away out of the apartment."

When Sir Ewan rang she said: "Glory be to God! Is it Sir Ewan Harker himself? Wait now, while I search the apartment for me sister, an' she waiting like a bride forlorn for the sound of your noble voice!"

Marion, when he called at the flat, did not seem as gay as Mildred had sounded. She was serene, but strangely remote.

Sir Ewan had taken great trouble with his preparations. He brought a plan of the Lambeth reach of the river and of the bridge, and a profile sketch of his boat, the Water Witch.

He explained the time-table carefully. "Now, I suggest that you stop the car—here—at this lamp-post—at, say, two minutes to two. If it's a decent night, you'll be able to see Big Ben."

"Yes."

"Walk slowly across the bridge so as to be *here* by one minute to."

"Yes," said Marion dully.

"I shall be coming up this way, straight for your arch. I shall try to be

They're Young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas

These kiddies are certainly giving father a rough time. But he doesn't mind too much—and the children are enjoying themselves enormously. It's a happy time when they're young. That's when they're nicest. And the same is true of garden peas. *They're* nicest when *they're* young . . . and they're young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas. Fresh, sweet and tender—because they're picked at the peak of their young perfection, and canned within a short matter of hours. Let your family enjoy Batchelors Garden Peas often.

BGPS/9835

at the bridge before the chimes for the hour begin. When I get under the bridge, I shall turn into the tide to port—to the left—this way—that's the way she goes best. Then I shall try to pin her nose against the inside wall of the arch—*here*. . . ."

"Yes," said Marion.

"So, when you hit the water, strike out to your right. Then, if the tide takes hold of you, you should be carried on to us."

"Yes."

"When you get to the boat, catch hold of one of the life-lines and work your way along to the quarter—here: there will be a small rope-ladder. If you are too done to climb out yourself, hang on till we can help you. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Any questions—as they say?"

"No."

"Well, then, Dame, I'll say goodbye."

Surely she would now relax, suggest a drink. But she did not—simply stared at him with those great eyes.

"Goodbye, Sir Ewan," she said. "And thank you very much."

"May I say," he said suddenly, "something I have wanted to say before—what a fine, brave person I think you are?"

Then, at last, she smiled, a very thin, sad smile, and shook her head. "Oh no, Sir Ewan—I am not—believe me."

They said goodbye again and shook hands; and, thinking that the thing was becoming ridiculous, he went away quickly.

His "fine brave person" puzzled him. She had listened, and looked, attentively, politely; he thought she had understood. But a stranger would have said that she had no real interest in the affair. "Yes—No" was all she had to say. Yet it was her own "wonderful idea" that they had been discussing—her own alternative to suicide.

Was she weakening too? If so, nobody would blame her. But why not say so?

LATER that week Cyril Sale arrived at Hambone Hall almost gibbering with excitement. "Prim, darling," he said, "look at *this*! Poor Patricia!"

Primrose looked at the cable form: "DEEPLY REGRET PATRICIA PASSED AWAY STREET ACCIDENT WRITING NED ROGERS"

"Oh, poor Patricia!" she said. "But, darling! How wonderful! Dad, look at this!"

The admiral read the joyous message from America and said: "Well, that's capital, ain't it! Now, scull along, and show the rector."

"Come on, Cyril!" And off they ran.

The rector read the news of Patricia's death with almost equal pleasure. He patted Primrose's shoulder, he shook Cyril's hand, his eyes glistened.

"Dear Primrose," he said, "I am so glad for you. Write to me today, and we'll begin the banns on Sunday. . . ."

* * *

"Rector all right?" said the admiral at lunchtime.

"Delighted, Dad," said Primrose. "Banns on Sunday, he said."

"Well, well," said the admiral. "I'm sorry about Patricia, Cyril."

"Very sad, sir!"

Only one man seemed less than delighted at the news of Patricia's passing. When Richards the rector, closeted with the archbishop on other business, told him of it, Dr. Brayne asked if he had seen a death certificate.

"No," said the rector blankly.

"But, Richards, you should. Indeed, you must."

"But I've promised to put up the banns for Lady Primrose and Sale on Sunday," said the rector.

"They can be postponed. Your duty comes first."

The rector looked stubborn, and said nothing.

"Mr. Richards," said the archbishop, "your attitude pains me. I have heard that you desire a change of duties. I have heard your name mentioned in certain quarters. I do not wish to have to speak to your bishop. . . ."

The rector rose suddenly, holding his hat. His good round face was slightly flushed, his voice was polite, but firm.

"My lord Archbishop," he said, "I still propose to publish the banns on Sunday. What is more, there is nothing that the law—or you—can do to stop me. Good morning."

He went out quickly, before Dr. Brayne could say another word.

Left to his thoughts, the archbishop directed them to the admiral. That old man was becoming a serious pest. His wretched Bill—and now his daughter's wedding—some hanky-panky there, as like as not.

Perhaps—this was a new notion—it was the admiral who had prompted the dame to tell her suicide story. Good gracious! Why had he never suspected it before? He had been lurking there in the flat on the day of that foolish visit.

The idea was comforting in a way, for it meant that the dame's behaviour was mere duplicity and clever acting—and the full moon was near—when was it?—yes, four days. But he

was still reluctant to think such evil of the gracious lady. He must see her again. But how? He had telephoned once, and had a rude reply from the maid.

He shivered. His head ached. He did not feel well. . . .

• • •

The telephone rang at Sir Ewan Harker's home. It was Marion. "I've been trying to ring you for days," she said. "But I feel so mean—I haven't dared. I just want to say that I've decided not to go on with—what we said about Lambeth Bridge. I'm so sorry, after all the trouble you've taken."

"That's quite all right," Sir Ewan said. "For your sake, I'm very glad."

"Thank you. But it's not that. It's just that . . . well, I feel it's not really a very worthy way of doing what we wanted."

"I understand."

"Good night, Sir Ewan."

He stood staring at the telephone.

"What's the matter, dear?" said his wife.

"It's off—Lambeth Bridge and all that."

"Oh, thank goodness," said Lady Harker. "What's happened?"

"She's thought better of it. It puzzles me rather." He fumbled for words as he explained a new worry. It was partly founded on a sense of character. If ever he had heard resolution, it had been there in the dame's *I'll do it*, that time at the admiral's. He was worried now that Marion had dropped the idea of a pretended suicide, in favour of—the real thing.

"I think we'd better be there," he said, "just in case. . . ."

AFTER breakfast on Monday, eleventh of June, the archbishop sat in his study staring at a note in the diocesan diary, "INSTRUCT SAUNDERS." That was for the following day, the day of the full moon. He had a little plan, too.

He pressed the bell marked "Saunders." A quiet, spectacled young man came in. Dr. Brayne remembered suddenly that Saunders was short-sighted, which might be a hindrance in this duty. But there was nobody else.

"Saunders," he began, "I want you to undertake for me a delicate and confidential mission. Tomorrow is the full moon. I have occasion to believe—well, no—I have a fear not wholly founded on fancy that my friend, Dame Marion Marne, may try to take her own life tomorrow."

He paused. How silly it sounded! But Saunders, it seemed, found nothing laughable. He stared through his great spectacles, his mouth open.

"My fears may be groundless," said the archbishop. "Nevertheless, I feel it my duty not to dismiss them. Accordingly, I want you, if you will, to keep an eye on the lady tomorrow."

Saunders said nothing, but his mouth opened a little wider.

"She lives in the same block of flats as my sister, Miss Brayne. I shall arrange with her to let you keep watch on the stairs from behind her front door. When Dame Marion comes down the stairs, I want you to follow her and—well, do what you can. Will you do this for me?"

Saunders had come to the conclusion that the old man was going mad. But he liked his master and was eager to please. "Certainly," he said. "From what time?"

"I should say from about nine in the morning till the end of the day."

"Midnight?"

"Ah—I suppose so." Most likely the deed would be done after dark.

"It will be rather a long day. Who will relieve me?"

"I will take tea with my sister again, and. . . ." But what was the use of that? He might cower behind the front door while Saunders had his cup of tea. But he could not possibly pursue the dame and wrestle with her at the place of doom. Who, then, was to relieve the weary Saunders? Who?

"Wait a moment," he said. "Let me think."

He thought for much more than a moment. The more he thought, the more absurd, forbidding and futile the enterprise appeared. No doubt he had been wise to make that note in his diary three weeks ago. But really what did it amount to? An accomplished actress practising a monstrous piece of deception at the bidding of that wicked old sailor.

Dr. Brayne said at last: "Saunders, upon reflection, I believe that I have been making a mountain out of a molehill. In any case, you and I are not equipped for such adventures. No, my boy, I am grateful for your loyal offer of service, but let us say no more. And I rely upon you to forget what I have said already."

"Very well, my Lord."

"Thank you, Saunders," said the archbishop. The young man went out, wondering greatly.

Left to himself, the archbishop thought for many moments more. Why, after all, not warn the police? That would relieve his conscience and free him of responsibility. But he knew the answer. It would be a surrender—a surrender to blackmail—and it would get about. The police, they said, were often in league with the press, and sold good stories. If nothing happened, he would be a laughing-stock; if anything did happen, they would say it was his fault.

Either way, once it was whispered that a woman could put the Archbishop of Canterbury into a panic by threatening to commit suicide, no clergyman's life would be endurable. No, no—the less said to anybody the better.

But he had told Saunders the whole story. That was a pity. . . .

IT was the night of the full moon. Big Ben—or rather his young brothers—sounded the three-quarters—or.45. The lantern over the clock was out; the House of Commons had long since gone home.

Westminster Pier was deserted and quiet. The Water Witch lay in the shadow of the bridge at the upper end of the pier. She was strangely moored with her stern to the tide, but strategically ready for a quick departure through the bridge. Her two small engines were running in neutral, the exhausts coughing softly.

Sir Ewan stood in the cockpit forward, with his field glasses, staring through the western arch of Westminster Bridge at Lambeth Bridge, not half a mile away. He was a worried man. He had to be certain that Marion had really abandoned her threat.

He put down his glasses and looked into the cabin. "I'm sure it's nonsense, dear," said Lady Harker gently.

"I believe you're right," said Sir Ewan. "I hope so, anyway."

But he picked up the glasses again. No solitary woman stood above the bridge. He looked up at the great clock above him. Five minutes to two. The tide was slackening already. *Soon be over,* he thought.

There was a superstitious certainty in his mind that if anything happened it would be about this time. The moon was full at four minutes past—Dame Marion seemed to have some obsession about the moon. But it was nearly two—and there was nobody on the bridge.

"My God!" Sir Ewan whispered suddenly. A car had begun to climb the bridge from the Lambeth side, but stopped on the bridge—exactly where it was to stop in the now abandoned plan. "Damn!" A cloud swept over and darkened the moon, but he thought he had caught a glimpse of white moving across the bridge. The cloud passed, and he was sure. A woman in white was staring at the water.

The chimes began.

"My God!" he shouted. "She's there after all. Come on!"

• • •

On the bridge Marion stood in her wedding-dress, with her back to the moon. She looked down at the silver, silent river and shivered, for she was still afraid. She looked to her right, to the silvery muddle of roofs under which her archbishop was sleeping. *Dear gentleman,* she thought, *I am furious still, I think I hate you, but I am not going to deceive you.*

She looked down the river again, at the silver bridge of Westminster, the clock tower, the Shell building, Somerset House, and, far away, surprisingly, the silver dome of St. Paul's. Under that dome, perhaps, they would marry Dan and Diana—she would like that better than the Abbey.

She came back to the clock tower and saw that the long hand stood just before two. At any moment now the hour would strike.

She thought of Sir Ewan, that nice but silly man. She had had such a struggle to be polite, even to keep her countenance, while he unfolded his complicated plans. True, in the first place, it was her own suggestion, weakly made for the sake of others—but he should have known better than to think she would go on with it.

Poor Sir Ewan! Did he really suppose she would be picked up like a dead duck under a bridge? And be scorned forever by everybody, by Sir Ewan himself?

The chimes began. She turned her back on the river; she looked at the quiet face of the moon and thought of Dan—Dan the gay young sailor in the blue and gold; Dan who would soon be happy again, Dan who would remember her gratefully now.

She looked quickly and sadly towards the car where Florrie sat—poor Florrie. Tonight she thought still that it was all "play-acting"—might be a picture really. But tomorrow morning. . . .

Marion waved her hand towards the car, as if to say that all was well, slipped off her short fur coat, and turned towards the parapet.

At once, with anger and dismay, she saw a boat. What was a boat doing there, in her river, at full moon? It was coming across the river, about half-way to the Houses of Parliament. It was moving straight for her, too.

Then, with sudden rage, she recognized the boat. It was Sir Ewan's. What was he doing there? It was full moon, and she must have her way. She pulled herself on to the parapet. She stood for a second, getting her balance. She crossed her hands upon her breast. She cried softly, "For Dan," and jumped.

To be concluded next week

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A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Vera Lynn seeks a lawn without trouble

VERA LYNN is a keen gardener. "I need to be," she says, "for my bungalow at Ditchling in Sussex has a two-acre garden including an acre of lawn. Will Percy Thrower tell me how to keep a large lawn in order with a minimum of labour?"

Percy Thrower says:

As the grass should be cut frequently during the summer to within half an inch of the ground a motor-mower is invaluable. It needn't cost much more than £30. Another labour-saver is a weed-stabber made of plastic and looking like a walking stick.

Dissolve a tablet of selective weed killer in enough water to fill the hollow of the stick to the brim. Then patrol the lawn simply stabbing all weeds with the point of the stick. The weapon is equally effective on perennial weeds in the flower borders, but care should be taken not to infect the foliage of plants.

Another tip: boxes are on sale which clip to edging shears and catch the falling grass. They are worth the money if only for the back-ache saved.

Bald patches on lawns cause much worry. Before watering them from a hose it is best to soak them with a little detergent—half a dessertspoonful to the gallon. To re-seed, break up the soil thoroughly with a fork, to a depth of two inches, scatter fine lawn seed which excludes rye grass (about 1½ ounces per square yard) and lightly rake into the surface.

The new type of creeping grass (£1 will buy enough to cover a hundred square feet) is effective when making a lawn from scratch. The stolons should be planted nine inches apart in prepared ground.

Planted on bald patches on an established lawn this grass will eventually outgrow the old but will look different. For a year or two the lawn will have a patchwork quilt appearance. This, I am afraid, is impossible to avoid.

Challenge the Famous

FRED HOYLE, the astronomer, scored three and a half points in his answers to the six questions on everyday science on page 25. His answer to Question 1 did not give the real reason, which is that a cat's adrenal glands secrete adrenalin directly into its bloodstream when it is alarmed, giving it great stimulus to fight or run away. This has the same effect as the raising of goose pimples on the skin of a human being—and so raises the animal's fur.

Hoyle's exact definition was near enough to the correct answer to Question 2—he should have said 550 pounds—but it is incorrect to relate this to the amount of work a horse can do.

He tripped over Question 3. In autumn, the green chlorophyl and nitrogen compounds in the leaf decompose and so provide the characteristic variations in colour.

A corky layer grows over the place where the leaf joins the twig so that when the leaf falls there is no open wound left behind.

Hoyle answered the last three questions correctly.

P K

P. K. flavour satisfies–

healthy chewing is good

both for teeth and gums.

P. K. tastes so good.

Good to Chew and Good for You!

E172/8

The famous cases of Sir Hartley Shawcross

Continued from page 10

suggestion that her parents had to hurry to get married?"—No answer.

"Was it not to imply that she was born almost out of wedlock and was therefore of morally tainted stock?"—No answer.

Sternly: "And have you not made relentless inquiries to rake up everything you can to blackguard this girl's character?"—"I had to get all the evidence."

"And was that not utterly unchristian conduct on your part, a wicked thing for a clergyman to do?"

But at this point the canon fell into a swoon and was helped from the box.

The Recorder found that it was George Henry and not Catherine who was the consummate liar, that the twins were the canon's grandchildren and that their mother should be paid 15s. for each of them until they reached the age of sixteen.

Applause broke out at the verdict, and when Shawcross left the building he was greeted by a cheering crowd.

People who were on the northern circuit in those days all agree that, being packed with personalities, it was always interesting and sometimes great fun. Among them was a gaunt, quick-witted Liverpool Irishman called George Justin Lynskey. Twenty years later Shawcross, as Attorney-General, had to unravel before him the tangled background story of one of England's most sensational postwar episodes—the inquiry into alleged irregularities concerning certain government departments, commonly known as the Lynskey Tribunal.

HOUSES—2

Is not a small house best? Put a woman in a small house, and after five years she comes out large and healthy.

R. W. Emerson

Shawcross also met and had to do with a lawyer who was—and fortunately still is—a legal legend. This was N. B. Goldie—now Sir Noel, Q.C. Eccentric, generous and incorrigibly enthusiastic, Goldie was one of those men who would inspire affection in any walk of life. In the hermetic, highly professional atmosphere of the Bar, he was the object of an awed respect.

Goldie's more famous eccentricities went into a canon called "Goldiana," and Shawcross had the good fortune to assist in some of these memorable anecdotes at their inception.

On one occasion, which Shawcross would remember, Goldie had before him a man, arraigned on a criminal charge, who saw fit to enter the dock wearing an old school tie—one which Goldie himself was entitled to wear. Most barristers, it might be thought, would keep quiet about the coincidence. Not so Goldie.

"Ah, Rugby!" he beamed, appraising the lowering defendant. "It is always a *great* pleasure to have an Old Rugbeian before me."

Like many generous people, Goldie spoke very fast. His phrases, sometimes, while grammatically correct, lent themselves to happy misconstructions. Shawcross would recall the hilarity in court during the hearing of a case at Liverpool when Goldie, appearing for a workman who claimed compensation for an industrial accident, harrowed the bench with the enormity of his client's suffering.

"Why, m'lud," he proclaimed, "since this terrible thing happened my client can't even bite his bottom with his top teeth. . . ."

Lawyers, like other communities doing the work peculiar to their kind, have their own brand of tribal relaxation and humour. Those on circuit met in the Bar mess, much as army officers congregate when on manoeuvres. Occasionally spontaneous courts were set up and mock trials contrived where members of the circuits portentously fined each other pipes of port, or jeroboams of champagne.

Hartley Shawcross, whether in chambers or on circuit, seldom attended such jollifications for long. He went back to work, not because he objected to hilarity, but because his wife was already an invalid and he was accepting all the briefs he could, and sometimes more than he should, to keep her in comfort and medical care. For this reason he might have appeared withdrawn and over serious. In reality he had his own amusements and interests. There was climbing in the Lake District and the fells and, in summer, yachting in Cornwall.

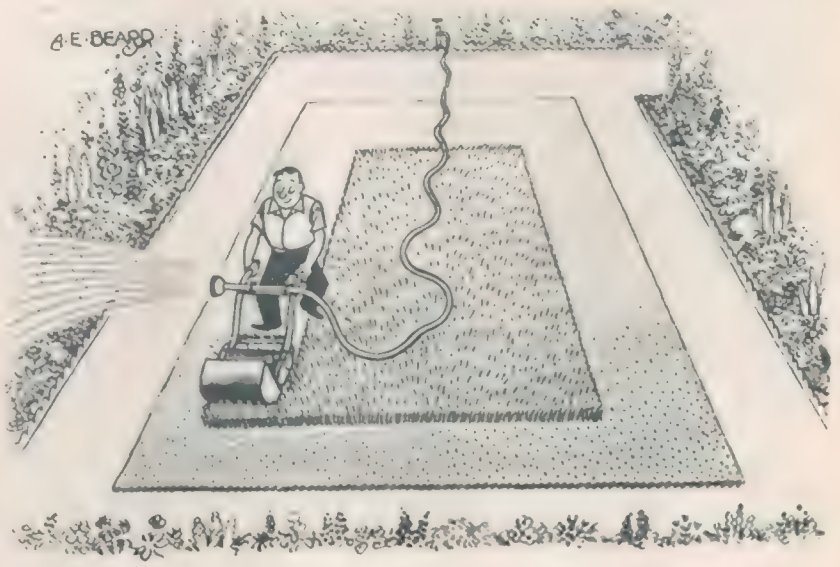
Yachting, since a fall while climbing at about this time left him with a painful and persistent injury to his back, was and has remained his favourite sport. There is a pleasant glimpse of Shawcross in chambers at Harrington Street thumbing wistfully through yachting magazines and catalogues like a schoolboy peeking at proscribed literature under his desk.

Five years' hard work in Liverpool established Shawcross as one of the most promising juniors in the north. By that time, in 1933, he had set up chambers of his own in Castle Street and was earning something like £100 a week. Yet he was still unknown to a wider public when two events, occurring within eighteen months of each other, brought the break through from local to national acclaim.

One was the Gresford Colliery disaster in the autumn of 1934. The other was the trial for murder of the Parsee doctor, Buck Ruxton.

The first, Shawcross admits, was one of the two turning points in his professional life. The second, in which he played a minor part, could not fail by its grisly notoriety to affect everyone whom it concerned.

NEXT WEEK: The sensational case of the Cyclops Eye murder



Do you want to get your son to a public school?

Continued from page 13

accurate description "private school." When he was Minister of Education last year, Lord Hailsham—with his customary indiscretion—gave it as his opinion that, academically, not more than six public schools were better than the best grammar schools. He added that, as far as the average in each category was concerned, he wasn't prepared to concede that the public school was even as good as its opposite number.

But it is probably not so much of academic education that the average parent is thinking when he lays down his £400-£500 a year as of the public school's social education—the famous "character-building." At a public school, "in essence a boarding school," says Sir John Wolfenden, former headmaster of Uppingham and of Shrewsbury, "a boy is living against a stable and continuous background. For twenty-four hours of the day for seven days a week for ten or twelve weeks. the boy is continuously a member of the same community. This community in which he lives is designed to be an educating society. The family is not so designed. . . ."

THOUGH since the old school tie became a joke in the twenties they might be loth to admit it even to themselves, parents are also possibly not wholly uninfluenced by the fact that this close-knit community is a community of the sons of the well-placed, well-to-do and successful, where, "learning to take orders and give orders," their boy will acquire that social aplomb, that assured speech of the "right" type, that particular code of manners which will instantly identify him as a "public school man."

Thus, though the price may be high, they feel that it is worth it since they will be securing for their son, whatever his origins or native wit, a ticket to the orchestra stalls of life, instead of leaving him out with the rest to queue for a place in the pit or the gallery.

How far are these important expectations likely to be fulfilled?

In the nation's secondary schools there are at the age of fourteen more than 400,000 children, compared with 23,000 at that age in public schools. Yet, at mid-century, of 108 bank directors eighty-six were public school men; of thirty-seven judges thirty-three were public school; of sixty-two bishops only six went to "other" schools.

Britain has seventy-five ambassadors and ministers representing her abroad. Sixty-five of them are public school men. In the higher civil service as a whole the public school element is forty-eight per cent; in the Foreign Office almost three-quarters.

Of the 334 successful Conservative candidates in the 1955 election, almost a quarter were products of a single school—Eton. And 260 were public school men. Even in Labour cabinets since the war one in three members has been a public school man.

But the schooldays of most of these "Tom Browns" occurred quite some time ago. Today parents investing in public school education can be much less sure of the appropriate dividends. For though the public schools still own 120 closed scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge, the universities have been widely opened to talent, from whatever income group. There are around 90,000 university students—three times the prewar figure—and more than seventy per cent of them are on scholarships or grants.

As national education has expanded, the proportion of higher civil servants, for instance, from the public schools has been steadily declining—and the process continues. In this postwar Britain where demand for ability is insatiable, there are now many roads opened up to the top. Plebeian accents are heard everywhere.

In such a world is there any need to concern ourselves further with this hoary old "problem of public school privilege"? Can it not now be allowed to sink back into the vast limbo of causes which history has passed by?

Probably—yet certain developments since the war suggest that it might be not wholly safe to rely on it.

For the postwar public school boom has been largely fed by the increasing tendency of fathers who themselves came up the hard way via the national education system to contract out of it and, as the badge of their success, send their sons to public schools.

Many are in industry, whereas the mainstay of the public schools was formerly the "old" professional class. More and more public school boys—over half according to the Public Schools Employment Bureau—are now going into these up-and-coming occupations. A survey by the Acton Society Trust showed that, whereas among older managers in industry only ten per cent were public school products, among the younger managers the proportion was thirty per cent—and was rising.

Now some great industrial organisations are assisting their executives to divert their children from the national schools to private schools. Rolls-Royce pay a large slice of public school fees for their salariat; Shell Oil pays half the premiums on endowment insurance policies taken out by their employees to provide for their families' public school fees.

Thus backed by powerful industrial interests, attracting a new clientele among the up-and-coming in postwar Britain, booming as never before in this century, the public school system might quite possibly gain a new lease of life, made over and expanded to become a permanent wing of a "two-nation" class structure of education: prep school and public school for the rich—old or new—and successful; national schools for the others.

What then should be done?

The Labour Party, now preparing its policy statement on education, is divided and troubled by the issue. Declares Emanuel Shinwell (Adelphi Terrace Elementary, Glasgow): "The public schools should be taken over by the state. It is a system which is no longer justified."

Hugh Gaitskell (Winchester and New College) is, however, presumably among those who feel that the public schools "have something" worth preserving. He has suggested, for a start, opening them up with fifty per cent free places—a proposal coinciding startlingly with that of the Conservative Bow Group.

But how to pick these five thousand free-place children from almost half a million thirteen-year-olds in the nation at large? A piquant problem indeed!

Not, most people agree, by competitive examination, for public schools filled on the basis of highest intelligence quotients—a corps of super eggheads—appear hardly less undesirable than the present method of selection by the depth of the parents' purse.

Sir Robin Williams, the thirty-year-old Etonian insurance broker who drafted the Bow Group's report, devised a scheme for securing a discreetly mixed bag of free-place children.

On this plan, five to ten per cent of all public school places would go to children who for one reason or another stood in special need of boarding school education—children whose parents were working abroad; children from bad or broken homes; children who happened to live in areas where it was difficult to get the academic education for which they were fitted.

Another ten per cent—five hundred boys a year—would form the egghead element in the mixture: "Queen's Scholars," selected for their academic prowess displayed in nationwide competitive examinations. The scholarships would average £400 a year. In addition, there would be two hundred for girls, at the better girls' public schools.

But the biggest part of the mixture—twenty to thirty per cent—would be chosen on grounds of character as much as intellectual calibre. This, in fact, is what happens with most local authorities awarding "Fleming" bursaries.

But if the object of these complicated arrangements is—in the words of the Fleming Report—"to close the social breach" and get a true cross-section of the nation into the public schools, their success seems likely to be limited.

HOUSES—3

A comfortable house is a great source of happiness. It ranks immediately after health and a good conscience.

Sydney Smith

For the lack of enthusiasm of local authorities for the Fleming scheme in fact reflects lack of popular demand for public school education. It is significant that the authorities which have shown most zeal in operating the scheme are the "middle-class conscious" Home Counties.

In Middlesex there are normally ten applicants for each of the sixty or so public school places; Hertfordshire musters thirty to thirty-five customers for its six places. But moving northwards demand becomes very slight. Lancashire hasn't always enough applicants to fill its six places at Rossall.

In postwar Britain, where class lines are ever more blurred, few ordinary parents are impressed by the necessity of making "gentlemen" of their sons, of tearing them, at the age of thirteen, from their natural background and the normal educative influences of family and street and town to send them halfway across Britain to receive, in segregation, the hallmark of the public school.

For, in fact, the "democratization of the public schools" is a notion which contains within itself a deep conflict of ideals. Sir John Wolfenden does not suffer from this confusion. He honestly admits: "The public schools have always been schools for a minority. They are not in simple fact a digestible element in an egalitarian society." The whole *raison d'être* and special quality of the public school has lain in the training of an *élite*, and it is a boarding school for the same reason that the officers' mess is set apart from the other ranks' barracks.

Implicitly or explicitly, the typical public school relies by its very nature on its exclusiveness, its own particular code of what is "done" and "not done," multiplying the distinctions which set it apart from the herd. Yet at the same time it is well understood that there is a heirarchy of schools.

Eton is socially superior to Marlborough, Marlborough is "better" than Radley, and so on. Just as any public school, however obscure, is axiomatically better than any grammar school; though again, the big city grammar schools, by virtue of getting their money direct from Whitehall instead of via the local authority, qualify for the Headmasters' Conference and also become entitled to the mystic (but now somewhat faded) label "public school," thus becoming "better" than any *mere* grammar school—just as that in its turn is "better" than a secondary modern school.

Are these the sort of values—seeping downwards through the whole educational system—that are appropriate to our modern social democracy, the declared ideal of all parties? The public school had a key part to play in building Britain in the past. Does it have a contribution to make to the future?

Very much so, some say. More than ever in this age of increasing uniformity and slackness we have the need of the public schools' independence from the state Moloch, their discipline, their stability, their richly varied and continuing traditions, their inculcation—in the phrase of A. N. Gilkes, High Master of St. Paul's—of a "readiness to accept responsibility."

Far from it! retort such bodies as the National Association of Labour Teachers, who last year issued a pamphlet proposing that after six years all fee-paying should be abolished and the former public schools placed under groups of local authorities. Some would then be turned into day schools for the locality, others into boarding schools for handicapped children or junior colleges to which boys and girls from day schools might go at the age of sixteen to round off their education.

Says the teachers' pamphlet: "Only when cabinet ministers, M.P.s of all parties, leading ecclesiastics, press lords and all influential folk find their children in overlarge classes and inferior buildings can we expect energetic action to improve the nation's schools."

However this may be, many would certainly agree that the most certain way to "close the social breach" is to concentrate all possible resources on making the truly *public* schools, schools which all can feel proud.

For here is a statistic which points to the true nature of the public school's advantage. Of all children in secondary schools in Britain at fourteen, one in twenty is at a public school. Three years later, when the all-important sixth form is reached, one in every four is at a public school.

The others have fallen out because the school-leaving age is still only fifteen, because many local authority schools are badly housed, their teachers overworked and undertrained, and because even in the grammar schools there has been an "early leaving" problem.

This is the true "breach" which has to be closed—and all too gradually is being closed.

Since the war more than a thousand new secondary schools have been opened—magnificent places, many of them. Every year more children stay at school longer, sixth forms increase, more modern school pupils take the General Certificate of Education.

There is a long road to travel—but we have come an encouraging way along it. The thing to make sure of now is that there are no detours and that there is no turning back. THE END

The golden boy next door

Continued from page 21

an organization. The inner ring consists of me playing the title rôle on the stage, Kennedy and Parnes doing the business and publicity side, and Lionel Bart, who writes all my music with me. We've been together from the start. None of us can do without the others."

The key figure in this quartet is not Hicks, the performer, but Kennedy. Hicks admits this. Kennedy found and fostered Hicks. And Kennedy's flair for publicity stunts and his ruthless management, more than anything else, made this lean young man with the cheeky grin and the carefully tousled hair a star.

"Kennedy bulldozed theatre managements and the public into accepting Steele," says a rival artists' manager. It was Kennedy who insisted when he launched Hicks in November, 1956, that his artist should receive at least £100 a week and top billing.

Most West End agents and managements showed Kennedy the door, but the gamble paid off when Harold Fielding booked Steele for six weeks at £150 a week as the star at six provincial theatres. Steele played to packed houses.

It was Kennedy who subsequently took the risk of presenting his then gauche, inexperienced charge at the sophisticated Café de Paris, hoping that Steele and rock 'n' roll would thus become acceptable to a wider public. The move succeeded: after a four-week run, the management wanted him for another month.

Kennedy keeps a careful watch over Steele's professional and personal life, and misses no opportunity for publicity. Early in Steele's new career, Kennedy decided that "a romantic attachment" would make good publicity. He sent him to a film première with a film starlet. Later Steele struck up a genuine friendship with a chorus girl. Kennedy ensured that the popular press covered every angle of this Tommy Steele love story.

Before long, however, letters from young girls poured into the International Tommy Steele Fan Club (at Kennedy's offices), protesting that their heart-throb had deserted them. Panicking, Kennedy told Steele to drop his girl. Amid still more ballyhoo, the lovers parted. "One reason we are trying to broaden Tommy's appeal," says his touring manager, John Edwards, "is so that he can have the sort of love life a lad of twenty-one should have. At the moment, we feel that his act is so damn dependent on these blasted teenage kids that he daren't be seen out with a skirt."

Kennedy will publicise Steele anywhere anytime. "He is a genius at what I call popular picture-paper type of stunts," says Ian Bevan, of the Fielding agency. In an action between Fielding and Parnes and Kennedy, Mr. Justice Harman accused all three of them of using the High Court for advertising "your chattel Steele." He said earlier: "He seems to be wrapped up like a brown paper parcel and bandied about between you all."

New Zealand-born, erstwhile seaman, photographer and press agent, Kennedy, is twenty-six, pale-faced, thin, black-haired, with the persistent habit of saying "whatsename" in place of key facts in his conversation: thus, "I met him at the whatsename."

His partner, Laurence Parnes, is two years older, and of the same general appearance, though of thicker build. "Parnes, shillings and pence," as others in the Steele organization call him, has a more affluent background than Kennedy. He owns two dress shops in London, though "Tommy takes all my time now."

Parnes and Kennedy diligently squeeze every available penny out of the Steele market. When too few theatre managements met their demands for £1,000 a week for Steele last year, they found that cinevariety (stage-and-film shows at cinemas) would pay their price. They rejected as "a first-class insult" an offer of £4,000 for Steele to appear for a two-week engagement at the London Palladium. "We want £7,000," they said, "the rate paid to Gracie Fields and the top American stars."

Kennedy and Parnes bar Steele from all charity performances, except prestige-building Royal Command shows. In Leeds once, Steele agreed to present a cup at a charity dance. When Kennedy heard about it he stopped Steele's appearance. "For the price of a silver cup or a cheque to charity, some promoters think they can get Tommy's services and so pack their halls."

Parnes and Kennedy have commercialized the name of Tommy Steele widely. The organization collects royalties worth about £5,000 a year from Tommy Steele shoes, shirts, jeans, brooches, guitars, sweaters, bracelets, earrings and rock 'n' roll suits.

While Parnes and Kennedy busily devote themselves to turning Steele into more and more hard cash, "the chattel" himself has an utterly different outlook. "All I ever hoped for out of this business was twenty quid a week. Anything that came along after that was luck. And that's how I've been playing it. As luck. As a big laugh. I think that's the only way you can look at it. Play it as if it was a joke."

HOUSES—4

We shape our dwellings, and afterwards our dwellings shape us.

Sir Winston Churchill

Steele, who has been described by Colin MacInnes in the magazine *Encounter* as "Pan, Puck, every nice young girl's boy, every kid's favourite elder brother, every mother's cherished adolescent son," takes few things seriously. He is an inveterate practical joker.

During the recent Liverpool pantomime, he liked to cover backstage visitors with custard pie or mock soup. At the George Hotel, Edinburgh, he once switched all the shoes outside the bedroom doors and altered the times on the early morning tea list. At Cardiff he put itching powder in the chorus girls' scanty costumes.

Partly to curb this sort of behaviour, Parnes and Kennedy employ a touring manager, John Edwards, a former journalist, who is always at Steele's right hand to "make certain he does and says the right things to the right people and to see that he doesn't louse things up."

To Steele, according to his mother, even work is a game. Dick Rowe, a Decca recording manager, says that Steele and other so-called teen-age artists "have picked up guitars not primarily with the intention of making money but because they have a feeling for the type of music which can be played and sung to a guitar." Recording managers rarely dictate to artists like Steele. "One has to let him sing the songs he likes in the way he likes singing them. Otherwise he'd make a hopeless mess of the recording."

This observation gets close to the secret of Steele's appeal. His technical ability is limited. His speaking and singing voices are poor. He was once widely reported as saying: "I don't have no dramatic coach. I don't dig that stuff. Those people can't learn you nothing." He plays the guitar only moderately well. On the stage he looks, as American agent Joe Napoli put it, "rather like a cute kid." Steele is, in fact, a popular hero with whom the majority of adolescent girls can easily imagine themselves linked romantically.

On the direction of his managers, he cultivates his boy-next-door appeal. "I look on the kids as my wages. You find that other stars get treated by their fans almost with reverence. But not me. They come up to me and say: 'Here. Cop hold o' that. Sign that.' Which means they're treating me as one of their own. I'm the lucky one who made it. But I'm still one of them.

"Of course, it's part of their fun to scream. When I make my first entrance they scream and that's all right, but any little noise after that and they've got to be checked. Some of the girls go in with the impression that they've got to scream. Of course, at the end of the show I let them have their fling. Then we're making so much noise and they're making so much noise that nobody can hear anybody else."

On stage Steele brims with confidence but at other times he lacks it. He craves company.

A heavy smoker, Steele spends much of his spare time gambling at cards or Monopoly. Mostly he has exceptional luck, but one night he played poker with three American artists and lost £700.

He dislikes hotels and prefers to stay in boarding houses or, better still, his caravan. He is a television addict and enjoys nothing better after an evening performance than to rush home and catch the last hour of the commercial programme. He rarely gets to bed before 5 a.m., usually lulling himself to sleep to the sound of a long-playing gramophone record.

Twenty-one years old last December 17, Steele was born in Bermondsey, London, and speaks with a strong Cockney accent. As he talks he blinks fiercely. He has the inherent sharp wit of the Londoner and a quick temper.

When theatre owner Stewart Cruikshank visited Liverpool to watch the pantomime at his firm's theatre, he neglected to call on Steele backstage after the show. Steele was livid. "Too hoity-toity to see me," he fumed, marching up and down his dressing-room. "Sends some stooge director instead After all the business I've pulled in for him. Right, Cruikshank can go to blazes in future."

Steele talks about himself almost deprecatingly. "I've always been a bit of a show-off. I was always trying to get into the limelight at school, writing plays, acting, putting on little shows. When I went to sea as a bellboy, I took part in the entertainments given for the passengers. I was on the Queen of Bermuda for two years running from New York to Bermuda, and I finished up running the entertainments.

"Everybody was always coming up to me and saying, 'Here, why don't you go on the stage?' and I used to say, 'Ah, that's an impossibility.'

"On leave I used to go with some of the lads to a dive called the Yellow Door which used to be near Waterloo Station. We formed a comedy group called The Cavemen; we did odd engagements at coffee bars, pubs, clubs.

ONE night in the Two I's coffee bar [in October, 1956] this fellow Kennedy came up to me. He said that I ought to go on the stage. What impressed me more than anything else was when he said: 'I'll be with you all the time.'

"The next day he brought Hugh Mendl, the Decca recording manager, to hear me, and two days later I made my first record. Then John Kennedy took me to the Stork Room where they have auditions in front of the customers every Sunday night. I got a job there for two weeks at £20 a week. Then John brought Ian Bevan, of the Harold Fielding Agency, to see me and the ball really started rolling."

Not so long ago, many show business experts forecast that Steele would last only as long as rock 'n' roll, but today it's difficult to find one who retains that view. One of them, Jack Payne, now says: "Steele has proved that he is an entertainer rather than a single stylist."

Impresarios, agents, recording managers, music publishers and show business journalists now call Steele "great." Parnes and Kennedy rate him as an entertainer on a par with Gracie Fields, Norman Wisdom and Danny Kaye.

Certainly Steele fills theatres. At Liverpool the pantomime was fully booked for nine weeks and, though the audience always contained a nucleus of adolescents, adults predominated.

Existing contracts will ensure Steele's future for at least two years. Harold Fielding guarantees him £1,000 a week for a minimum of twenty weeks this year. Parnes and Kennedy are negotiating a new contract with a major film company in this country under which Steele will get £30,000 for a picture, plus ten per cent of the profits.

Offers of engagements in Australia, in the United States and on the Continent could fill Steele's time for many months. Under a new three-year recording contract, his royalty has increased from a penny to threepence a record; last year more than three million Steele records were sold.

The International Tommy Steele Fan Club is also a form of insurance for the Steele organization. Parnes and Kennedy keep the five thousand members well informed about their hero's life, especially about his new shows and records. Kennedy says: "The fan club guarantees us a basic audience of screamers who whip up interest."

Betty Hicks, Tommy's mother, views his future pessimistically. "People are very fickle. One day you're up, the next day you're down. I always look on the black side, then I'm never disappointed."

Mrs. Hicks and her husband used to live in a small terrace house in Bermondsey before their son became famous; they moved reluctantly six months ago to a detached, unpretentious house which Tommy bought for them in Catford. Mrs. Hicks keeps one room like her old kitchen in Bermondsey. She and her husband have their own television set and they prefer to live among their old belongings rather than among "all this contemporary stuff which fills the rest of the house."

Steele takes a good deal of advice from his mother (though, in fact, she objected passively to his stage career) and he tends to share her pessimism about the future.

"Anyway, I've got a job when this is all over," he says. "I can work with Lionel Bart writing songs and shows. The big thing is to know that I've a job when this is all over. THE END

NEXT WEEK

Must Malta be another Cyprus?

Now riot squads are patrolling the streets. Will we act in time to save the George Cross island?

by HARRY HOPKINS

Mintoff—Malta's angry spokesman

***and a gay new story by* WINSTON GRAHAM**

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£9 J. M. Wade, 1 Lawrence Hill Gardens, Dartford: **Demon Discontent—Made *Spacemen* From *Cave-men*!**

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 21, for early news of Bullets No. 2,144 First Prize Award.)

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

Ahead Of Britain	Her Love
Industry's Bus	At The Palace
A Monster	A True Craftsman
Rosier Future	The Magic Of A Baby
What Uncle Sam's Doing	Dangerous Game
Storm Clouds	Looming Up
Something To Remember	Swiftly, Ruthlessly
Safe Home	Grandpa's Innings
The Old Bulldog	Lady Bountiful
Looking At TV	All Muddled Up

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

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.....The Bookie	Put Some.....In It And

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